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MILLHEIM BLACKSMITH SUICIDE BY HANGING

Foster Allbright Ends Life in Attic of His Home.

WAS IN POOR HEALTH

In Fit of Despondency Unfortunate Man Hangs Himself from Rafter with Satchel Strap Tuesday Morning—Body Found by Sister.

Foster Allbright, a blacksmith and well known resident of Millheim, committed suicide by hanging in the attic of his home on Tuesday morning. His lifeless body was found a short time afterward by his sister, Miss Elizabeth Allbright, with whom he lived. Despondency over ill health is attributed as the cause for his act.

It is said by friends of the unfortunate man that he had been worrying over his health for some time past, although no one suspected that he contemplated taking his life to end his troubles. Some time Monday night or early Tuesday morning Allbright went to the attic of his home. He took a thin satchel strap and tied one end around a rafter. The other end he fastened around his neck. Although the height of the attic room from the floor to rafter was but slightly greater than that of Allbright he managed to drop his body with sufficient force to break his neck.

Not being able to locate her brother on Tuesday morning Miss Elizabeth Allbright started to investigate. After looking about for a time she went to the attic. There she was horrified to find her brother's lifeless body hanging to a rafter.

Allbright was unmarried and was about 50 years old. In addition to his sister he is survived by a brother, John Allbright, residing in Philadelphia. A sister and two brothers are dead.

Installation of Officers.

On Friday evening, January 14th, the several new officers of Lt. George L. Jackson Camp, No. 20, United Spanish War Veterans, will be installed for the year 1916. Under the guidance of Past Commander Nealis the Camp has finished a very successful year. After disbursing $202 there remains a balance of $56 in the treasury.

Following are the new officers: Samuel D. Gettig, commander; Milton N. Reed, senior vice commander; Harry Charles, junior vice commander; Frank Wallace, officer of the day; John Raymond, officer of the guard; David Dale, N. B. Spangler and R. G. H. Hayes, trustees; Alfred J. Nealis, adjutant; R. C. Daly, quartermaster; Prof. H. Whiting, chaplain; R. G. H. Hayes, surgeon; A. J. Nealis, delegate to national convention; Stewart Hampton, delegate to department convention; A. J. Nealis, historian; G. N. Sunday, quartermaster sergeant.

Barn and Stock Burned.

The large barn of C. O. Confer, a WarriorsMark valley farmer, was completely destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. All of the contents, including livestock, were lost. Mr. Confer and his family had retired about eleven o'clock Saturday evening and at that time everything around the barn and home was in fine shape. Shortly after midnight the household was awakened from their slumber by the bright light and the crackling of burning timber. All ran to the barn, but their efforts were in vain as the fire had gotten too much of a headway.

Nine head of cattle, three horses, sixteen hundred bushels of corn, oats, rye, hay, straw, all the farming implements, a large silo, well filled and many articles too numerous to mention, were burned with the barn. Several weeks ago Mr. Confer fractured a leg while husking corn.

Alleged Liquor Violations.

Frank Kokane, a foreigner and boarding house proprietor at the White Rock quarries at Pleasant Gap, was arrested late last Saturday night charged with selling liquor without a license. On Monday he waived a hearing before Squire Woodring and furnished bail for his appearance at court. Kokane contends that such beer, etc., as he furnished boarders was secured on their individual orders.

Select Meeting Days.

The new Board of County Commissioners have selected Wednesday and Friday of each week for the holding of board meetings. Business will be transacted also on such other days as the members may be present. The old Board of Commissioners held meetings on Tuesday and Friday.

TO DEDICATE CHURCH

Methodist Episcopal Edifice at Port Matilda is Handsome Building.

The new Methodist Episcopal church at Port Matilda will be dedicated with appropriate services on Sunday, January, 30th. The event gives promise of being one of the most interesting in the history of that charge. The speakers of the occasion will be Rev. Dr. B. C. Connor, of Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, and Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, of Bellefonte.

The new church building is of stone, designed along lines pleasing to the eye and arranged best to meet the needs of the growing congregation. Work on the church was begun August 1st, 1915, and has been pushed through to completion at the earliest date consistent with good workmanship. The cost of the new edifice is about $5,500. Rev. J. Earl Jacobs is pastor. The work of building the church was begun and finished during his pastorate and much of the credit for the success of the undertaking is due to the progressive spirit and hearty cooperation between pastor and congregation.

Mrs. Hannah Shuey Dead.

Mrs. Hannah Shuey, relict of the late Jonathan Shuey, died at her home in East Ferguson Township last Friday evening after an illness of but a few days. Her death resulted from pneumonia. Her maiden name was Cobel. She was born near Houserville more than 85 years ago, her parents being early settlers of that section. All of her long life was spent very near to her birthplace and everybody knew Grandmother Shuey for her many deeds of kindness. She is survived by a sister and two sons, George C. and Milton, at the old home farm. In her youth the deceaaed joined with the Evangelica church and remained true to its teachings to the end. Her husband passed away last September. Thus another old home is broken up. Burial was made Monday morning at 10 o'clock at Houserville, Rev. Mr. Foss officiating.

Mrs. Martha A. Wilson Dead.

Mrs. Martha A. Wilson, widow of Charles T. Wilson, for many years stationmaster at the Pennsylvania Railroad company's station in Altoona, and a highly esteemed resident of that place, died in Altoona at 10 o'clock Tuesday night from pneumonia. She was taken ill with a cold and a week ago it developed into pneumonia. Her condition Tuesday morning was somewhat improved but during the evening she suffered a relapse and sank rapidly until she passed away. Mrs. Wilson was the daughter of Robert B. and Nancy J. Brown, both deceased, and was born at Lamar, September 3, 1843, and was married to Charles T. Wilson on December 27, 1870. Since her marriage she had resided in Altoona.

Mrs. Annetta E. Wise Dead.

Mrs. Annetta Elizabeth wife of Joseph G. Wise, a mail collector at the Altoona post office died last Friday morning at the Altoona hospital, of peritonitis, following an operation on the previous Wednesday. She was born on January 3, 1894, at Spring Mills, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker. She was married on Thanksgiving day, 1915. She is survived by her parents, her husband and four sisters and two brothers, who reside in Centre county. Services were held at the house Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock and the body was taken to Centre Hall, where interment was made.

Mrs. Frances Russler Dead.

Mrs. Frances Russler, wife of J. W. Russler, of Altoona died at the Altoona hospital, last Wednesday afternoon following an operation. She was admitted to the institution on the previous Monday in a serious condition. Deceased was born in Centre county, was aged 36 years and had resided in Altoona for several years. She is survived by her husband and two children, Mary and Harry, both at home. The remains were taken to Lewistown for interment.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Andrew Kohut, Annie Colly,	Osceola Mills Philipsburg
John Bosak, Elizabeth Botson,	Clarence "
Wm. L. Garman, Hannah I. Neff,	Altoona Curtin
J. Leo Thomas, Minnie Liddick,	Lock Haven Centre Hall
Wm. Boyd Erhard, Lena E. Stine,	Clearfield "

Pleads Guilty.

Charles Stringfellow, of Flemington, in Federal court at Sunbury this week, entered a plea for guilty to the charge of sending threatening letters through the mails. He was fined $50 and sentence was suspended.

COMRADE W. H. MUSSER SUMMONED BY DEATH

Was Venerable Citizen and Veteran of Civil War.

BURIED AT PINE GROVE

Was in Three Months Service with Seventh Regiment—Later Served with Forty-fifth Uutil Close of War—Justice of Peace 11 Yrs.

William H. Musser, venerable citizen and Civil War veteran, passed away last Sunday morning at 7 o'clock at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Bullock, on Curtin Street. His death resulted from a general breaking down of the system. He had been in declining health for some months.

The deceased was born near Pine Grove Mills on August 20, 1841, the son of William Musser and Catherine Hess. On February 22, 1870, he married Sarah E. Shiffer at Pine Grove Mills. The greater part of his life was spent at Milesburg and Bellefonte. For the last eleven years he served as a Justice of the Peace in Bellefonte, finally relinquishing the office owing to failing health. During the Civil War he was in the three months service as a member of Company H, 7th Regiment, later being mustered into the 45th Regiment, Penna. Vols. He was discharged July 17, 1865. He was wounded at South Mountain. He was a member of Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., also of the Milesburg Lodge, No. 410, I O. O. F., and of the Bellefonte Methodist Episcpal church.

Surviving the deceased are two children: Horace N. Musser and Mrs. John Bullock, both of Bellefonte. Surviving also is a sister, Mrs. Mollie Stover, of Altoona. Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bullock on Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocam officiating. On Wednesday morning the body was removed to Pine Grove Mills where interment was made in the new cemetery.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church, conducted the funeral services at Pine Grove Mills, which were held from the home of Dr. G. H. Woods, which is the old Shiffer homestead where the deceased was married. The active pallbearers were six nephews of the deceased: J. H. Musser, L. D. Musser, E. C. Musser, Michael Musser, Marshall Musser and N. T. Krebs. The honorary pallbearers were the following Civil War veterans; Emanuel Noll, W. H. Taylor, J. R. Pheasant, John Hamilton, W. D. Port, H. K. Miller, J. W. Sunday, D. W. Miller and W. H. Fry. The ritualistic service of the Grand Army was observed at the grave.

Makes Serious Charge.

A Sunbury despatch to today's Phila. "North American" says:

Charging that Samuel D. Foster, while chief state highway engineer, was interested in the Donald McNeil Company, a Pittsburg concern holding rights in this state under "Warrenite" patents, R. B. Taylor, of Bellefonte, a contractor, who is a defendant in the United States court in a suit to recover $21,000 for patent cement furnished him by the McNeil corporation, was the star witness during the trial before Judge Witmer here today.

Taylor, according to his testimony, had the contract for more than three miles of state road in Washington county. The job was let in 1911, and the specifications were that it was to be finished within six months after starting "Warrenite," a patent asphalt preparation controlled by the Donald McNeil Company, was to be used.

McNeil and Company, he testified, was to place a plant for the manufacture of this preparation on his road contract early in 1912, but it failed to do so for more than a year and a half and then not until he had seen Donald McNeil, president of the corporation, who told him that Foster, then chief state highway engineer, "was interested" in the McNeil corporation and that he had to be seen to get the McNeil corporation on the job.

He said he went to Foster and Foster succeeded in getting the McNeil Company to start work, but not until Taylor had lost many thousands of dollars. His testimony was full of alleged negligent actions and false promises of the McNeil corporation. He declared that it was a new concern and that it had more work than it could do

The defendant placed his loss of time at $5000, swore he had to handle twice the material to lay three miles of road, and that it was all due to the McNeil Company's monopoly. If he had had a chance, he said, with other material, he could have been done within six months, but that his contract held him to the use of the one kind of top dress, "Warrenite," and he could get it no other way than from the McNeil company.

PROGRESSIVES TO TAKE REPUBLICANS' NOMINEE

Both Parties for Same Candidate for President.

SIGNS POINT TO HUGHES

Developments of Last Few Days Indicate Progressives will Indorse Ticket Chosen by Republican National Convention.

That the Progressive party national convention, to be held in Chicago in June, will indorse the nominee of the Republican national convention for President is the consensus of opinion among not only leading Republicans but prominent Progressives. The drift in this direction was revealed this week at a conference of Progressive party leaders in Chicago. Speaking for the Progressives of Pennsylvania, former State Senator William Flinn stated that he believed it to be the best policy to support the Republican nominee for President.

There has been an exchange of views between leading Republicans and Progressives covering a period of several weeks While these conferences may not have reached the point of discussing prospective candidates enough has been revealed to indicate that the type of candidate needed to reunite the party has been pretty thoroughly gone over and that the leaders are not far apart on that score. Former President Taft will not be put forward by the Republican leaders, and Mr. Taft himself has announced that he will not be a candidate. There has been much talk as to the likelihood of Roosevelt again entering the field, but there are many indications that he will not be a candidate. The strongest drift would seem to be in favor of Supreme Court Justice Hughes, of New York.

Following closely Flinn's announcement in Chicago that he favored supporting the Republican nominee for President comes the declaration by William Barnes, one of the regular leaders in New York, that he will not be elected a delegate to the Republican national convention. These two developments are significant, coming as they do from the opposing camps and but a few hours apart.

The Republican and Progressive national conventions will be held in Chicago on the same date, June 7th. The Republican convention will be held first, or rather the Progressives plan delaying action until the Republicans shall have made nominations and then indorse these nominees.

Only One Billy Sunday.

Bishop Henderson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., addressed several hundred Methodist ministers of the Pittsburgh district on Sunday, last, on the forward movement just lauched all over the country in the Methodist Episcopal church, and said there were ministers spoiling their churches in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia by aping the language and mannerisms of Billy Sunday. in the belief that in these attributes lay the success of the baseball evangelist.

"There is only one Billy Sunday," the bishop said, "and no Methodist preacher can imitate him and get away with it."

Centre Countians Banquet.

The Centre County Association of Philadelphia will hold its twelfth annual banquet Thursday evening, January 27th, at the Hotel Walton, in Philadelphia. Two prominent Centre Countians have promised to be present and address the association. They are John Francies, superintendent of the new penitentiary, and Deputy Attorney General William H. Keller. All Centre Countians residing in or about Philadelphia are expected to attend.

JOHN C. C. BEALE,
Secretary,

Prisoners Cost $654.

It cost Centre County $654.12 for maintenance of prisoners at the western penitentiary in the year 1915. At present there are nine prisoners from this county in the penitentiary. The county is charged 45¼ cents per day for maintenance of each prisoner, and is allowed a credit of 5¾ cents per day for each prisoner for labor. For maintaining the nine prisoners in question the county was charged for 1656 days at a net cost of 39½ cents per day, or $654.12.

Must Insure Teachers.

Notice has been sent to the directors of the various school districts to the effect that they must comply with the law and take out insurance, according to the workmen's compensation act, on all teachers and janitors employed in the schools of their districts.

State Agricultural Notes.

Butter brought the best prices in Delaware and Montgomery counties according to the December averages of the Department of Agriculture. In these two counties the average price was forty cents a pound. In Fulton the average price was twenty-five cents a pound and in Bedford, Franklin and Green twenty-seven cents.

Fat steers brought nine cents a pound on an average in Carbon, Montgomery and Philadelphia counties. In Clarion, Crawford, Jefferson, Montour, Sullivan and Tioga the average price was six cents a pound.

Montgomery county lambs were worth more money per head than the lambs in any other county in the State according to December averages. Montgomery lambs sold for $7.00; Bradford for $6.80; and Dauphin for $6.50. Low price lambs were $3.35 per head in Greene and $3.85 in Washington.

Eight years ago there were two licenses issued to oleomargarine dealers in Philadelphia and there were carloads of oleo sold on the streets of that city as pure butter. To-day there are over 300 licensed oleo dealers in the Quaker City and with the color fraud removed the violations of the law are few.

Two oyster pearls were sent to the Department of Agriculture by residents of Bucks county who asked their value. The pearls were submitted to a Harrisburg jeweler who stated that while there was such a thing as a common oyster pearl they had no commercial value. The jeweler claimed that he did not know of a single case where oyster pearls found in oysters reaching Pennsylvania had any commercial value.

The Department of Agriculture is preparing a report on the number of automobiles in use by the farmers of the State. An unusually large increase in the number of cars on the farm is noted over last year when the figures reached 15,000.

Farmers' Institutes will be held next week in Cumberland county at Newburg, Centerville and Hogestown; in Fulton county at Rehobeth, Clear Ridge and Enid; in Butler county at Prospect, Bruin and Evans City; in Pike county at Greenstown, Paupack and Egypt Mills and in Lehigh county at Pleasant Corner, Serpstown and Macungie.

The Department of Agriculture is now preparing a list and description of Pennsylvania farms that are offered for sale. Over 300 farms have been registered, ranging in size from three acres to several hundred acres and in price from five dollars to one hundred dollars an acre. The bulletin will be published in a short time and will offer an opportunity for prospective farm purchasers to look over available farm lands in nearly all sections of the State.

Among the farms registered for sale with the Department of Agriculture is that of a Montgomery county farmer who was shot by hunters in the fall. The farmer writes that he had to have his arm amputated and is unable to work his farm. Under no other circumstances the owner says would he sell his home.

Eight prosecutions against business houses in Philadelphia selling stale eggs as fresh eggs have been made by the Department of Agriculture. In each case the eggs were represented as fresh eggs but were found to be stale and unfit for food.

Prosecutions against dealers of feeding stuffs for selling feeds under a guarantee for protein that was not sustained upon alalysis have been made by the Department of Agriculture. The cases were in Chester and Cumberland counties.

Wintering Livestock.

There are a great many barns in Pennsylvania that are too warm and not properly ventilated for the housing of livestock. Experiments at the Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station disprove the commonly prevailing idea that livestock must be kept in extremely warm quarters during the winter months.

The open shed, enclosed on three sides so as to protect animals from prevailing winds, has given satisfaction at the Pennsylvania Station. It is especially desirable for housing beef cattle and sheep. When kept under such conditions stock is healthier and thriftier than when kept in warm basement barns, and the amount of labor necessary to care for them is materially reduced. The cost of shelter with the open-shed method is lessened, and cattle consume less feed for the gains made than when kept in the closed barn.

A basement barn may be converted into an open shed by removing a portion of the wall on the sheltered side, a plan which was followed with success at State College. Pens should adjoin the open shed to allow for exercise on the part of the animals.

P. C. KNOX TO SEEK UNITED STATES SENATE

Look for Formal Announcement in Near Future.

BABCOCK WITHDRAWS

Friends of Pittsburgh Lumberman Say He Will Aspire for Governorship Two Years Hence—Snyder and Kephart on State Ticket.

Reports from over the State indicate strongly that former Secretary of State Philander C. Knox will shortly enter the field as a Republican candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator George T. Oliver. It is believed that Mr. Knox has about concluded to become a candidate at the primaries to be held in May.

There is a bare possibility that Republican State Chairman W. E. Crow, of Fayette County, may yet enter the field as a candidate. Business interests, however, may require him to adhere to his declaration of some weeks ago that he probably would not be a candidate. E. V. Babcock, of Pittsburgh, prominent as a lumberman and recently engaged extensively in iron and steel enterprises, has determined not to be a candidate to succeed Senator Oliver. This information comes from friends of the Pittsburgh man, who say that he likely will become a candidate for Governor to succeed Brumbaugh.

State Senator Charles Snyder, of Schuylkill County, is openly in the field for Republican nomination for Auditor General, and indications are that Herman Kephart, of Fayette County, will be supported by many county leaders for nomination for State Treasurer. State Senator Charles H. Kline, of Pittsburgh, has been regarded as an aspirant for State Treasurer, but with K[illegible] held for United States Senator [illegible] surprising were Mr. Kline to withdraw on the broad ground that two nominees on the State ticket should not hail from one county.

The Knox boom gained considerable strength following a large gathering in Philadelphia last Saturday night of influential Republicans from all parts of the State. Prior to that it had been accepted that both Knox and Babcock would become candidates. It was following the exchange of opinion among State and county leaders that the Knox talk gained its greatest impetus and friends of Babcock intimated that he would in the near future formally withdraw his name and urge the selection of Knox.

Mr. Knox has twice served in cabinets at Washington and has also occupied a seat in the United States Senate. He was originally appointed Attorney General by President McKinley. He served under McKinley and later Roosevelt Upon the death of the late Senator Quay he was appointed to the vacancy in the United States Senate, remaining there until President Taft drafted him into service as Secretary of State.

Its a Scream.

Tomorrow night's big minstrel show in Garman's Opera House will be a scream from start to finish, according to the program of lively fun arranged for the occasion. The large cast have been rehearsing nightly and all hands are in readiness for the curtain to go up at 8.15 o'clock. The opening number is surrounded with all kinds of mystery. The only thing the managers will say about it is that there will be something new and something doing right along. Everything is to be original, with novelties brand new in the minstrel line The electrical club swinging act and bag punching feature come second on the program, and this is promised to be more dazzling than anything heretofore seen in Bellefonte. The third number will be "The Famous Rine", whose feats of balancing and juggling will keep the audience on its toes. The fourth number will be Miss Claire Lyon Nicolls and Company, which assures a splendid musical feature and one that will be pleasing to all. If you have never seen "A Girl to Order" tomorrow night will be your opportunity. It is a one-act comedy by B. W. S. Springer that fairly revels in fun. "A Night at Castle House" will be the wind-up feature of the big program, with the entire cast taking part. As previously announced, the show has been arranged to raise money to wipe out the $250 deficit remaining from Bellefonte's Old Home Week celebration last July. Prices of admission, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

"September Morn" will be the next attraction at Garman's Opera House.

HARMONY PREDICTED

Senator Penrose Discusses Selection of National Delegates.

Following a recent conference of Republican leaders in Philadelphia, which was participated in by Mayor Smith, Senator Penrose made the following statement regarding the selection of delegates from Pennsylvania to the next Republican national convention:—

"A good deal of misapprehension exists regarding the selection of delegates to the national convention. The impression prevails in some quarters that these delegates are the result of arbitrary selection. As a matter of fact, the delegates are designated by a process of natural selection in the various districts and are supposed to be political leaders and business men of the various sections.

"The same principle applies to the delegates-at-large, of which there are 12 this year from Pennsylvania, four to represent two United States senators and eight to represent the four congressmen-at-large, according to the apportionment in the call for the national convention. Were the congressional districts to be reapportioned so as to provide districts for the congressmen-at-large, Philadelphia would get one new congressman, Allegheny would get another and the other two would go to the interior of the state. In these circumstances it is obvious that a natural apportionment would concede three or four of these 12 delegates-at-large to Philadelphia county. In the same way three or four would be conceded to Allegheny county, leaving the remaining three or four for the rest of the state.

"It has been customary in Pennsylvania and in most other states to send the two United States senators and the governor as delegates-at-large when they belonged to the same party. Under this practice the two United States Senators and Gov Brumbaugh would naturally be selected as delegates. On the same principle the Mayor of Philadelphia and the Mayor of Pittsburgh would represent the two great Republican cities of the state and would also be expected to be delegates-at-large. On similar lines, the rest of the delegation would be involved in a manner acceptable to Republicans without regard to factional considerations and without the necessity for any extended political conferences."

Besides the men indicated as probable candidates by Senator Penrose, it is possible that other delegates-at large will be former Senator P. C. Knox, E. Babcock and D. L. Gillespie, of Pittsburgh; Senator William E. Crow, chairman of the Republican State Committee, of Uniontown; Lieut. Gov. Frank B. McClain of Lancaster, and former Lieut. Gov. Louis A. Watres of Scranton.

Dangers of Crowded Cars.

The street and railroad cars have not sufficient air space for ventilation to permit of the carrying of more passengers than they can seat.

The over-crowding of our passenger transportation vehicles is an important factor in spreading the grippe and the so called colds that have terminated so seriously of late with the old and young.

If we did not stay up so late at night we might breakfast earlier and walk to and from our places of work. Every well man and woman leading a sedentary life should walk five or six miles a day in the open air assuming an erect carriage and swinging the arms freely.

We can go for days without food and water but the moment air is cut off from our lungs we begin to struggle for that life giving element. If it is not restored the person dies in minutes instead of days. From this we may get a true measure of the relative importance of air to life.

To maintain health we must breathe air that has not been robbed of it's oxygen by another person just having used it, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. We must breathe in air free from poison given off from the bodies of those crowded in poorly ventilated places and particularly must we avoid air loaded with germs of grippe, tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases.

When compelled to submit to the evils of crowded civilization during grippe and pneumonia seasons it is well to get your doctor to write a prescription for a good disinfection solution to rinse the mouth and throat with several times a day. It has been demonstrated that there are many pneumonia germs in the mouths of those suffering from the grippe.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mrs. Laura Bennett, Victor Bright, Albert Borden, C. H. Cleveland, David A. Clonson, Walter Fairwether, William Flack, Miss Emma Hach, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Harpien, Mrs. J. E. Hobben, Harry Kane, James Kinsley, Miss Dorothy Luse, Harry Leitzell, Mrs. Samuel Mowery, Paul Morasich, Miss Jennie Moore, Jack F. Perry, E. J. Rosengrant, Ralph A. Smith, and A. J. Wilking

Can't look well, eat well, or feel well with impure blood. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean, and good health is pretty sure to follow. $1.00 a bottle.

Ira Bump's Treasure

He Lost It, but Found Another.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ira Bump was head bookkeeper in a downtown wholesale house. He was a little, round, roly poly man with brown eyes and hair and a rosy complexion. He had money in the bank, he was always well dressed, he was unmarried, and he had boarded at Mrs. Hecker's for thirteen years.

Now, Ira Bump did not occupy the most expensive suit at Mrs. Hecker's thoroughly respectable and unhomelike abode. On the contrary, he lived in the third floor back bedroom. It was a large room and quite comfortable, for Ira had added many luxuries from time to time, and it was $3 less per week than the best suit, and that $3 Ira placidly planted in the bank with his other savings. Some day when he had to make way for a younger man at the office he intended to retire to the country and raise chickens.

Among his fellow boarders Ira was looked upon as a "back number." Dapper young store clerks winked at each other when Ira came in, and they were not above making jokes at his expense, all of which flew harmlessly over his smooth brown head.

The younger girls, stenographers and clerks, smiled kindly at him, and the older girls beamed upon him, for he was a possible escape from old maidenhood.

One day Ira read a story in a popular magazine, a story that stirred his sluggish blood. It was about some pearl fishers in the south Pacific who fought to the death over a magnificent pearl found in an oyster shell by one of the divers.

After that Ira ordered raw oysters in addition to his usual lunch. He never ate the oysters, because he was afraid of bacilli, but he searched the shells carefully, hoping that some day he, too, might find a pearly treasure in one of the succulent bivalves.

And, lo, one day his fork struck a round object in the bottom of the plate of oysters! Carefully he picked it out and furtively slipped it into his vest pocket. He was so excited that he could not finish his coffee, and, grabbing his hat, he dashed back to the office.

There, alone at his desk, he pored over the milky, lustrous pearl that rolled around in his palm.

"It must be worth $5,000!" he gloated as he wrapped it in tissue paper and hid it away. "I shall—I shall buy an automobile, I think."

That night when Ira Bump came into dinner he radiated with an air of prosperity. He wore a brand new suit of evening clothes, and from the crown of his head to his patent leather shod feet he was unusually immaculate.

Evening clothes were a distinct novelty at Mrs. Hecker's table, and Annie, the waitress, nearly dimmed Ira's sartorial glory by spilling soup upon him, but happily the bisque of tomato was diverted to the thick gray woolen coat sleeve of his next door neighbor, Denton, the hardware clerk.

Ira lent first aid to the wrathful Denton, for he felt in a measure responsible for the mishap. He knew and every one else knew, for they had seen Annie's start of surprise, that it was the sight of Mr. Bump's new clothes which had caused the accident.

Like an invisible mantle, an air of elegance descended upon the table. People were unusually courteous to one another.

Everybody talked except Freda Lindsay. Perhaps it was the long day spent in the schoolroom that was responsible for her unusual pallor, for the shadows under her sweet gray eyes and the sad droop to her mouth.

At any rate, Ira Bump was startled by her appearance and made a mental note that he must do something for Miss Lindsay. How delightful it was to be rich—richer than his friends and acquaintances—and hold the happiness of giving pleasure to others!

After dinner Ira paused to speak to Freda Lindsay. He felt very gay and excitable in his new clothes. He felt actually reckless.

"You are looking ill, Miss Lindsay," he said solicitously. "You need a breath of fresh air after the day's close confinement. Wouldn't you like to take a little ride—er—er—a motor ride in the park and then go to the theater afterward? It would give me much pleasure."

"Oh, Mr. Bump," she gasped, "I should be delighted! But," glancing at his attire, "I haven't anything very splendid to wear."

"Pooh!" laughed Ira Bump gayly. "What's the matter with that pink gown you used to wear last summer?"

Freda blushed to think that he had remembered her rose pink voile of last summer. "I will put it on," she said hurriedly and went up to her little room.

Mrs. Hecker's sitting room buzzed with excitement when Ira Bump and Freda Lindsay rolled away in a hastily summoned motorcar.

"Bump certainly has struck it rich," remarked Denton enviously.

"He looks very distinguished in evening clothes," sighed Miss Petty.

"Oh, any one looks distinguished in a swallowtail," retorted the salesman pettishly. "They can talk all they want to about clothes not making the man, but they help a lot, believe me."

In the meantime Ira Bump and Freda Lindsay were becoming better acquainted. The change from the dull routine of their daily lives seemed to work miracles. In the sun of prosperity they expanded like stunted buds, and a flower of romance bloomed when they entered the theater.

The play was a romance, an old fashioned love story that set their hearts to beating to a new tune.

And when the motor sped them homeward Ira Bump opened his heart to Freda Lindsay. He told her about the pearl he had found and how a Maiden lane jeweler had offered him $3,000 for it.

"I wanted to keep it overnight. I'm going to take it to him in the morning and collect the money," said Ira, laughing like a boy.

Freda thought it was all wonderful, just like a story book.

"I suppose you'll be leaving Mrs. Hecker's," she said wistfully.

"Not yet," said Ira.

"I am glad," said Freda simply.

"How glad are you?" he whispered boldly.

"Very glad," admitted Freda.

"I am thinking of buying a chicken farm. Do you like the country?" asked Ira.

"I'm a country girl. I'm a misfit in the city," sighed Freda.

At that moment it entered Ira Bump's head that a chicken farm would be very lonesome and dull indeed if Freda Lindsay was not there with her sweet, sympathetic smile and her quick appreciation of everything he said and did. It would be very pleasant to have a little wife to adore one—to buy pretty frocks for her, to have her waiting for him at the door.

Immediately Ira Bump proposed to Freda Lindsay. He discovered that he loved her. Was not his remembering the pink voile proof?

Freda confessed that she loved the quiet bookkeeper, and so it happened that they re-entered Mrs. Hecker's front door engaged.

"I must buy you a ring," whispered Ira as they parted on the landing. "What shall it be?"

"A pearl," said Freda softly.

When he was alone in his own room Ira sat down on the edge of the bed and reviewed the events of the past twelve hours.

He had seen the jeweler, and after learning the value of his find he had gone to the bank and drawn some money. He had bought the evening clothes—he had always wanted a suit—he had dared to ask Miss Lindsay to go with him, and now they were engaged, and all on account of the pearl.

He thrust his fingers in the pocket where he had put it wrapped in tissue paper.

It was not there—the pocket was empty!

Even then he did not guess the truth. He believed he had mistaken the pocket. But one after another proved to be empty. His pulses leaped with fear as he frantically searched his clothes.

He searched the floor and the stairs and even the lower hall. His clothes were covered with lint and dust when at last he faced his disheveled reflection in his mirror, and the horrible truth was forced upon him that he had lost the pearl!

Like Cinderella, he was shorn of his splendor. He felt himself sinking back into his old routine of dullness, and his spirit rebelled. And there was Freda!

Ira Bump groaned aloud.

He had told Freda about the pearl, and he had given her to understand that he would buy a chicken farm with the proceeds. Now, without the pearl he was not able to promise her very much. He had decided it would take several years longer to save enough money from his salary, and while Freda was waiting some more fortunate fellow might come along and win her away.

"I've got to tell her," he said doggedly as he turned out his light.

Ira did not see Freda the next morning. He ate his breakfast hurriedly and hastened out to put an advertisement in the papers and to search the motorcar he had used the night before.

It was a very pale and determined looking little man who met Freda Lindsay outside the public school when the session was ended. Freda blushed when she saw him and put her hand in his arm with a sweet air of proprietorship.

"I didn't expect you," she faltered.

"I had to come," said Ira seriously. "I've had a great blow, Freda."

"Tell me about it," she said quickly.

"I've lost the pearl," he said bluntly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

His heart throbbed faster as he felt her grasp tighten on his arm.

"Of course I haven't got much saved up," he confessed. "I thought some day I'd buy a chicken farm, but I couldn't just now, and it's only fair to you to say that all I've got in the world is $1,500 in the bank. That is not much to offer you."

"You forget yourself, Ira," she whispered. "You count for something."

"You mean it, Freda?" he gasped. "But there won't be any farm, yet"—

"We can take a little flat, and we can save. I'm a famous housekeeper," she laughed, "and we can be together."

"Yes!" he said.

"Unless you'd rather—not!" she said doubtfully.

"Oh, my dear"—he gripped her hand tightly—"I'm the happiest man in the world! Let us go and pick out the ring. Would you rather have a little diamond or"—

"Only a pearl will satisfy me," she said firmly. "It was that blessed pearl which brought us together."

Although Ira never recovered the lost pearl, he declares that he possesses a matchless jewel in his little wife.

BUYING A DIAMOND.

If Money Is No Object You Can Get a Absolutely Perfect Stone.

The properly cut diamond has fifty eight facets, including the table and collet, thirty-two facets above the girdle and twenty-four facets below. The surface of the table should be 40 per cent of the whole.

Perfect, colorless stones form only 5 per cent of all the diamonds produced. A diamond is considered perfect in formation when no flaw or imperfection can be detected under the ordinary "loop" or magnifying glass used by jewelers. The flaws usually found are carbon spots (where the carbon has not crystallized perfectly), feathers, bubbles, hairs, flaky formation, like that in a piece of ice when struck by a hammer. The absolutely perfect stone must be free from all of these defects and cut in the right proportions. The "clean" diamond is free from any flaws or inclosures and is most difficult to find. Many of these flaws are so small as to be imperceptible to the naked eye and really do not affect the brilliancy and beauty of the stone.

Do not expect to get an absolutely perfect stone for any reasonable figure, for they are so rare as to command excessive prices. If you want a good stone see to it that it is of good color and brilliancy and is well cut.

The real requirement of a diamond is that it make a proper effect, and the minute flaws which can be found only with a strong microscope are not worthy of consideration by the ordinary purchaser who wishes to have a good stone almost exclusively for decorative purposes.

If money is no object and you are willing to pay $500 or more per carat you may hope to secure an absolutely flawless stone, but for all usual purposes you are wasting half of the money expended.—New York American.

WHEN YOU GET ANGRY.

Influence of the Emotion Upon the Adrenal Glands.

Just above the kidneys there are two small glands, each about as big as a pea, known as suprarenal capsules or adrenal glands. They belong to that small group of glands in our bodies which have no ducts and whose secretions, whatever they are, pass directly into the blood. These two little glands play an enormous part in the physiology of hate.

The secretion of these little glands is called adrenalin, and its secretion cannot be controlled by the will. When it is poured into the blood the amount of sugar in the blood will rise in the course of a few minutes between 10 and 30 per cent.

A strong emotion, such as hate, causes an increased secretion of adrenalin in the glands and simultaneously an increase of sugar in the blood, and this sudden accession of sugar supplies the muscles with a much needed food. So that one of the effects of the secretion of adrenalin would be a direct benefit to a man in a rage wishing to exercise stern muscular effort involving fight, conflict or struggle. It has been proved that the removal of the adrenal glands has a weakening effect on muscular power, and an injection of adrenalin has an invigorating effect, and not only does adrenalin bring out sugar from the liver stock to feed the muscles, but it also restores fatigued muscles, at least temporarily.

Men in a state of hatred, therefore, are in the same condition as men who are putting out their utmost physical effort. They are in a condition, should they come across the object of their hate, to exert the maximum harm upon it.—New York American.

Why the "Baltic" Sea?

How the Baltic sea got its name is unknown. It looks thoroughly classic—"Mare Balticum." But Tacitus knew this stretch of water as the Suevic sea, from the neighboring people of the Suevi, and the name Baltic does not appear before the eleventh century in the "Chorographia Scandinaviae" of Adam of Bremen. It is supposed to have some connection with the great and little "Belts." Germans, Swedes and Danes call these waters the East sea (Östsee)—a name which is obviously impossible for a Russian.—London Standard.

Newton and Gravitation.

Sir Isaac Newton never attempted to tell the people of his day what gravitation was. His very frank statement was as follows: "I do not anywhere take it upon me to define the kind or manner of any action, the causes or physical reasons thereof or attribute forces in a true and physical sense to certain centers when I speak of them as attracting or endued with attractive powers."

An Explanation and a Hint.

"How do you account for his remarkable success?"

"I don't know unless it was that he was always too busy on his own work to stop and spend time trying to account for the success of others."—Detroit Free Press.

Crowd of a Million.

It has been estimated that a million persons assembled in a crowd, with due allowance of three square feet a person, would cover an area of about seventy acres.

Warned.

"She told me that I might hope."

"Better look out! I've known girls to say that when they intended to accept a chap."—Puck.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

COLDS AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Many Bellefonte People Have Found This to be True.

Are you wretched in bad weather?

Does every cold settle on your kidneys?

Does your back ache and become weak?

Are urinary passages irregular and distressing?

These symptoms are cause to suspect kidney weakness.

Weakened kidneys need quick help.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for weakened kidneys.

Bellefonte people recommend them.

Mrs. B. Holter, Pine St., Bellefonte, says: "Whenever a cold or strain causes a dull, constant ache across the small of my back, I use a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and get relief. Another of the family has also been benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Holter had. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder William Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

A. Walters, Trustee, to Alice S. Musser tract in Miles Twp.; $1.

Samuel Weaver et ux, to Annie C. Kline, tract in College Twp.; $3000.

H. S. Winklebleck Receiver, to O. P. Adams, tract in Miles Twp.: $174.

W. Harrison Adms. to John William Thomas, tract in Bellefonte; $2025.

Andrew Newbauer, Admr's to Ivan Walker et al, tract in Bellefonte; 2500.

William A. Thomas' Trs. to William A. Thomas tract in Boggs Twp.; $7000.

Rose L. Manion to Chas. G. Avery tract in Philipsburg; $8500.

Rose L. Manion to Anna C. Rowland, tract in Philipsburg $8500.

W. Harrison Walker Admr. to William C. Taylor, tract in Bellefonte; $1515.

W. S. Chambers et ux, to Elmira McKinley, tract in Boggs Twp.; $300.

William Weber, Trustee to Rudolph Pletcher, tract in Howard; $1355.

J. L. Sommerville's Exrs. to Joseph Mayer, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $200.

Elizabeth Thomas to Janette T. Kline, tract in Harris Twp.; $200

John Lowber Welsh Jr. to J. Norman Sherer, tract in Spring Twp.; $1.

Orin N. Heaton et ux, to Sarah May Miller tract in Milesburg. $475.

Hester S. Christ et al, to Chester M. Rupp, tract in College Twp.; $225.

Harry H. Diehl et ux, to Isaac Bickel, tract in Boggs Twp.; $125.

Mrs. Arabel Shay Dead.

Mrs. Arabel Shay died last Thursday at her late home at Tyrone. She had been ill the past four months with a complication of diseases. She was a devoted member of the United Brethren church. She was born at Port Matilda, November 14, 1853. On July 25, 1878, she was united in marriage, in Tyrone, to William Shay, who preceded her to the grave December 27, 1902. Surviving to mourn her death are the following children: Mrs. William Hirshberger, Pitcairn; Mrs. Mary Fouss, Fouss Mills; Martin, Altoona; Mrs. Edward Johnston, Mrs. Warren Keefer, Raymond, Russell Esther, Richard and Harry, all of Tyrone. She is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: David Frantz, Wilkinsburg; John Frantz, Sandy Ridge; Mrs. Rachel Funk, Tyrone and Mrs. Lydia Kelly, of Port Matilda.

Mrs. Carrie V. Pie Dead.

Mrs. Carrie V. Pie, wife of George D. Pie, died at her home at Juniata, at 6 o'clock last Sunday evening of a complication of diseases after an illness of several months. Deceased was the daughter of George and Margaret Westbrook, deceased, and was born on January 27, 1861. She was a member of the Juniata Methodist Episcopal church and is survived by her husband and three sons, Joseph, of Pittsburg and Ernest and Paul, of Juniata. She is also survived by these sisters and brothers: Mrs. Louise Crain and Richard O'Neil, both of Osceola Mills; Mrs. Laura Kephart, of Newport; Charles W. Kephart, of Renovo, and J. L. Westbrook, of Point Pleasant, N. Y. On Wednesday morning the remains were taken to Osceola Mills where services were conducted in the Methodist church at 9:30 o'clock. Interment in the Osceola cemetery.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

A Strange Case of Trio

Story Told by a Red Cross Nurse.

By EILEEN BRENNAN

Soon after the breaking out of the great world's war I left my home to go abroad to engage in Red Cross work, spending nearly a year in that service. Shortly before returning for recuperation—for I was entirely incapacitated—I stopped one day to rest in the cottage of a peasant. The only occupant was a young woman about twenty-two years of age, whom I took for a maiden. She was dressed in what mourning she could afford, which was not much. She told me that she wore it for a lover.

Two photographs hung side by side on the wall. Each represented a fine looking young man in the uniform of a French soldier. One of the pictures was wreathed in flowers.

"Is that," I asked, pointing to the one decorated, "a picture of your lover?"

"Yes, madame."

"And the other?"

"That is my husband."

I looked at her surprised.

"I presume you married for some other reason than love?"

"No, madame; I love my husband."

"And your lover?"

"I love him, too, though he is dead."

"I see. He died. You gave your heart to another who lives."

"No, madame. I married one lover, giving him my heart. Then the other lover died, and I gave him my heart too."

"And was not your husband jealous?"

"No, madame; he loves Henri as much as I."

Hearing a stamping on the floor behind, I turned and saw a man with a wooden support for a missing leg.

"This is my husband," said the woman. "He will tell you why we both love one who loved me. Tell her, Victor."

She placed a chair in position for the poor fellow, who had evidently not long been without his missing leg; arranged his underpinning so that it would give him the least discomfort, filled a pipe with tobacco and poured out a glass of red wine for him. Taking a sip of the wine, he looked at the picture that was decorated, evidently drinking to it. Then he told me the story:

"Henri and Clochette and I were brought up together, playmates and schoolmates. Henri and I were chums and loved each other, and when we grew to manhood we both loved Clochette, but neither knew that of the other. I did not suspect that Henri loved her, for he was a very undemonstrative man and did not tell his secrets. But I have believed since his death that he loved her from boyhood. Whether he suspected that I loved her I do not know to this day.

"One day I told Henri that Clochette was my betrothed. I fancied I saw a pallor stealing over his face, but it disappeared so soon that I thought little about it. Afterward Clochette told me that he had proposed to her the day before I asked her to be my wife. I can now see what a shock my announcement must have been to him.

"But neither of us could have Clochette then, for suddenly the war broke out, and Henri and I were both called to the colors, going to the front in the same regiment. By this time I had learned that Henri had met with a great disappointment in losing Clochette, and I told him the day we were entrained for the front that in case I was killed it was my wish that he should marry Clochette; that I had expressed this wish to her and she had promised me she would accede to it.

"You see, madame, by this time I made it the interest of Henri that I should be killed. Had he been a villain he could have shot me in battle, and no one but himself would have known that he was a murderer. But I knew he was not that kind of man.

"Henri and I joined that army which extended southeastward through Belgium and along the border of France and were in the battles occurring while we were being driven back toward Paris. Then came the battle of the Marne and the subsequent fighting for the possession of Calais. During all this time neither Henri nor I received a scratch. When later we were struck Henri received his death wound and I lost my leg.

"You remember, madame, when late in September, in the second year of the war, we and the British, after four weeks sending a storm of missiles against the German trenches, moved forward along the whole line. Well, in that movement, in which it seemed to us and our enemies as if the end of the world had come, Henri advanced with the rest, and, being not only in the same regiment, but in the same company, we were near together. Once through the horrible surroundings, when I was stumbling over dead and wounded, the din of 10,000 thunder storms beating on my eardrums, I caught sight of Henri. His eyes were momentarily fixed on me as if fearful that I would never come out of the tempest alive.

"We followed the retreating foe too fast for the rest of the line, and a number of us were cut off. Henri and I took refuge in a deserted trench. It was not a time for taking prisoners in the first place, the enemy, as well as ourselves, were war mad, and in the second there was no way of bringing prisoners behind the lines. It became evident that Henri and I must leave our hiding place and get back to our men or be shot down.

"But the changes were so rapid that before we could make up our minds to take our chances in flight a gentle breeze from the southeast wafted a noxious cloud upon us that drove us down into the very bottom of the trench and held us there with our faces buried, our eyes closed, in the soil. Then the enemy charged upon our men, and down came the bodies of those who were shot while crossing the trench, burying us under a pile of dead and wounded.

"To be thus crushed was no better than to inhale a noxious gas, and, struggling against our covering, we reached a point where we could look about us. The gas had been blown to our own trenches and had been followed by a bayonet charge of the enemy, who had been thinned to nothingness by rapid fire guns.

"'Let us run for it,' I said to my chum.

"'No,' replied Henri. 'We would never make our lines. Do you see the enemy tumbling into those trenches not a hundred yards from us? We would have to run the gantlet of their rifles. Let us stay where we are for the present. Our men may push forward and cover us.'

"There was not now a living man in the trench where we were, though there were many dead. And yet I cannot be certain of this, for there was such a din that if there were wounded I could not hear them groan. It seemed that Satan had brought hell with him to the air as well as on the land, for, being exhausted, I lay down in the trench, and there above me I saw two aeroplanes carrying on the fight far above the heads of those murdering one another on the land. I dared not rise to get any other view, for above the trench missiles were flying so thick that not a spear of wheat would have been left standing if in the way.

"Presently the firing from our lines died down, and we heard orders given in the enemy's ranks indicating that they were about to make a charge. We knew that we must go down in that rush if we remained where we were and we must get out. There was a possibility that we might reach our lines alive, though we could not hope to do so unhit.

"'Come,' said Henri; 'we must be off. Something tells me that I shall be killed and that you will be saved. If I can do anything to insure your being spared to Clochette I shall die content. Go.'

"He pushed me out of the trench, and we ran as swiftly as our legs would carry us toward our men. During that brief flight I was conscious that Henri was running directly behind me, covering me with his body. What could I do to prevent this? Nothing. To stop and protest would only have brought death to us both. I ran on till I came within a few yards of our lines; then one of my legs was knocked from under me, and I fell. I was conscious of being picked up and carried away, but after that for some time knew nothing.

"When I came back to consciousness I asked if Henri had escaped. I was told that he had protected me from the enemy's fire till just before I fell, when he was shot through the body. Then a surgeon came and amputated my leg.

"And now you see me with a life before me that has been given Clochette by Henri. Do you wonder that we decorate his picture with flowers? Do you wonder that Clochette loves him dead as well as she loves me living? What use for me to say that I would rather have"—

The sentence was not finished, for his wife put her arms around her husband and stopped the words with a kiss.

"Now, madame," said the wife, "you understand how it is possible for an honest woman to have a lover and a husband. How could I help loving the man who gave his life that my dear husband might be returned to me?"

She brought out some simple cakes that she had made with her own hands and poured a glass of wine for each of us. We stood, about to quaff the wine, when both the husband and the wife turned to the picture of the man who had died that they might be happy with each other, and I joined them in drinking to his memory.

The episode revealed to me how imperfect is language. There are no words to express how a woman can have a lover and a husband without reproach. And yet here was a case. I left the couple not only with respect, but with heartfelt sympathy and thankfulness that the poor mutilated soldier had such a woman to cheer him.

Incidents I saw during my ministry moved me more than this, for I took the last message of many a dying soldier, but no episode affected me in the same way. There was in the sacrifice as well as in the situation something unique. And who can tell how many such sacrifices worthy of angels have occurred in that war where the fiend reigned supreme? Well may we wonder how it can come about that the manhood of many nations is going down into the earth, and for what? Who knows?

The acquaintance I had formed, the story I had heard, seemed to me a fit climax to my ministrations to war victims. I left the couple with but one comfort—that if the man must go mutilated through life there was one to give him a happiness that perhaps would balance his misfortune. In bidding them goodby I breathed a prayer for that "federation of the world" which will pass judgment on the nations' quarrels instead of leaving them to be settled as they have been settled since the world began.

SIZES OF SARDINES.

The Big Fellows Are Eight and Even Ten Inches Long.

Sardines are found chiefly in the Atlantic ocean, forming great schools or banks extending from the coast of Ireland to the Canary islands. They are also found in considerable quantities in the Mediterranean, probably coming from the Atlantic, attracted by the higher temperature of the water. However, sardine fishing is of less importance on the Mediterranean shores of Spain than on the bay of Biscay and the gulf of Cadiz, where the principal factories for canning sardines are located.

The supposed difference between sardines found in various parts of the world has been much disputed, but repeated investigation has demonstrated that no generic difference exists, as the sardine is not a sedentary fish and inhabits the ocean at large, migrating from coast to coast in search of food and mild waters. This explains its appearance and disappearance, both dependent upon the movement of warm currents, and its particular abundance on the coast of Galicia. Near Finisterre, in close proximity to the gulf stream, the sardine is usually first seen.

The length of the sardine varies from four and three-quarters to eight inches and the weight from 0.84648 to 2.39836 ounces. Sometimes a few are found measuring as much as eight and three quarters inches long, but this is extremely rare, and none exceed ten inches. The sardine is known by many names, according to locality and development. In Galicia those of nine centimeters (3.54 inches) in length, weighing less than 26.4555 pounds a thousand, are called "parrocha" and when six or six and one-quarter inches long "mediano" or "medianillo." They are really known as sardines only when they reach the size of from seven and one-quarter to seven and three-quarters inches in length, weighing from 132.2773 to 154.3236 pounds a thousand. There is also a class of small sardines found in Cantabrian as well as Galician waters, called "anchoa." This variety does not exceed two and one-quarter to three inches and ordinarily weighs 0.17637 or 0.21164 ounce.—Consular Reports.

GOLD ACTUALLY GROWS.

In Certain Cases Nuggets Placed in Water Increase In Size.

It has been found gold nuggets under favorable conditions actually increase in size.

Gold is known to have grown on mine timbers which have long been immersed in mine water. In the California state mining bureau museum there is a specimen of a piece of jointed cap and post token from the Comstock lode, where it had been under water for years. Gold had formed in the joints and pores of the wood. Gold is constantly being formed in rocks and veins and placers. Just what it is that the baby gold formation feeds on is not known. If it were a new and wonderfully lucrative industry might be born.

As in the case of the animal or vegetable, existing gold has existed in some other state before assuming its present form. Waters which seep the earth's crust are said to contain substance from which gold is formed. Like animals and plants, gold must have water in order to thrive.

The gold in the water is deposited when it meets with the proper precipitant—an earth current of electricity, some vegetable growth or some chemical in the rocks.

It has been claimed that the nuggets found in placers are formed from the waters that percolate through the gravels and not from decomposed quartz, as generally supposed. Those who so contend cite the fact that in the center of nuggets a small grain of iron sand can often be found. This was the nucleus around which the current of electricity created or deposited gold from the substance in the waters, just as it is deposited in electro plating.—Popular Science Monthly.

And Suppose She Didn't.

A certain college president wore side whiskers. Whenever he suggested removing them there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he entered his wife's dressing room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well I will shave the other side too."—Boston Transcript.

Teeth as War Weapons.

A New Zealand dentist has invented a set of teeth which can be used as a war weapon. "In a clinch with the enemy," he writes, "the soldier could slip these out of his mouth and gouge the neck of his opponent or slice off his ear or his nose. I have used them on a pinch to scrape out a rabbit hole and as a light screwdriver."—Boston Transcript.

Unusual Loquacity.

"Here this author begins his story 'The wagon groaned as it crept up the hill.'"

"Now, that's strange."

"What's strange?"

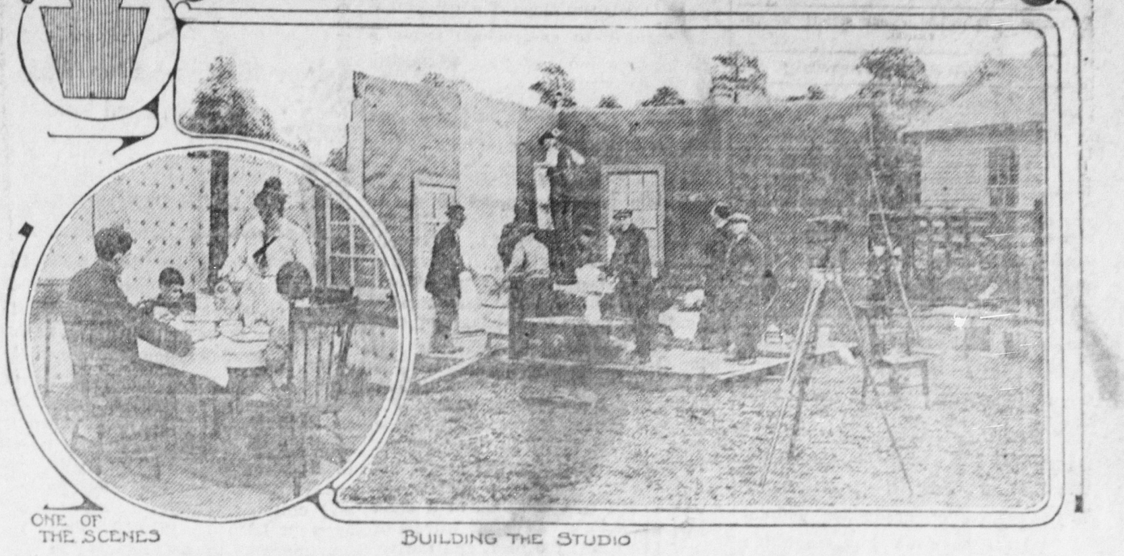
"About the wagon's protest. It has a tongue, but yet it was the wheel spoke."—Baltimore American.

The Venus of Milo.

It is said that the base of the Venus of Milo, with the name of the sculptor upon it, was destroyed for the purpose of deceiving a king of France into the belief that it was more ancient than it really was.

The sorrowful dislike the gay, and the gay the sorrowful.—Horace.

Moving Pictures to aid Health Teaching



ONE OF THE SCENES

BUILDING THE STUDIO

In these days when everybody goes to see the movies they have become an educational factor of great importance.

The State Department of Health has realized this and has had several thousand feet of film made showing the work of the Department's Tuberculosis Dispensaries and the life of the patients at the great sanatoria at Mont Alto, Cresson and Hamburg.

All of the largest film companies made offers to Commissioner of Health Samuel G. Dixon to film these great institutions, but he declined their offers and the work was done under the direct supervision of the department.

In the production of the pictures a regular studio was erected at the Sanatorium for such of the scenes as were supposed to take place in the patients' homes. The majority of the pictures, however, were taken in the State Dispensaries and the Sanatoria. Some of the scenes show the remarkable views of the beautiful Caledonia Forestry Reservation of fifty-five thousand acres which surrounds the Mont Alto Sanatorium.

There is an absorbing human interest story which runs through the four reels. The principal characters were patients who acted before the camera with remarkable ability their own life story from the time they first visited the Dispensary until they left the Sanatorium cured. The histrionic ability which was displayed was surprising, and it added materially to the interest of this film, which is the first that has ever been produced by a State Health Department.

A REMINDER OF JOHN BROWN'S RAID

On the slopes of South mountain, just below the State Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Mont Alto, Pa., on the main highway between the village and the institution, there stands by the roadside a massive stone monument bearing a tablet which reads:

"Near this spot Captain John E. Cook of John Brown's Army of Liberation was captured and disarmed on October 25th, 1859, by Daniel Logan and others. He was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, December 16, 1859."

The section of the Cumberland valley in the immediate vicinity of the institution is rich in historic lore. The battlefield of Gettysburg is only a few miles away, and during the Civil war all of the country in the vicinity was traversed and retraversed by both the troops of the North and South.

Prior to the great conflict South mountain was a favorite resort for Virginia planters and their families. Within a short distance of the Sanatorium are the ruins of an old hotel which in ante bellum days was much frequented by well-to-do planters from Maryland and Virginia.

Even in that early day South mountain was noted as a health resort. The healthfulness of the locality, the beauty of the surrounding country and the central location, led Commissioner of Health Dixon to develop there the institution which has grown into the world's largest tuberculosis sanatorium.

HELPING THE PRESIDENT.

John Cheerfully Backed McKinley In a Diplomatic Crisis.

At the time of the Boxer rebellion President McKinley was taking a needed rest at his home in Canton, O. The long distance telephone was situated between two windows running to the floor of the room. Under one of them, projecting from the foundation of the house, was a faucet of water to the lawn. One morning the president was called to the long distance telephone by Secretaries Hay and Root. A message had been received in Washington from the czar of all the Russias and the German emperor. It requested that the president of the United States should place the American soldiers under the command of Count Waldersee, the German general, in order to insure harmony of action on the part of the allied armies.

There was some paving going on in the street opposite the house, and as the day was warm the workmen became thirsty, so one of their number was sent for water. While the chief executive was consulting with his secretaries concerning this important matter over the telephone, John walked up, hung his pail on the faucet and turned on the water. The water running into the pail made a great deal of noise and disturbed the president, the windows being open. He asked his secretaries to wait a moment, and then, leaning forward and looking out of the window, said:

"John, that water running in the pail makes a very disturbing noise, and I am busy talking over the long distance telephone. Please turn it off for a few moments."

"All right, major," replied John, and turning off the water he filled his pipe and lighted it, and then, sitting down with his back to the house, listened to the conversation which the president was carrying on.

Here was the ruler of a hundred millions of people engaged in the transaction of most important and serious public business, and there was a common laborer intruding himself into the transaction, but McKinley was not impatient, nor did he resent this interference. He dictated to his secretaries over the telephone the reply, consenting that the American troops should be placed under the command of the German general on the condition that this government at any time reserved the right to revoke the permission, provided the policy of the army so commanded ran in any way counter to the ideas of the United States.

Having dictated this important dispatch, the president hung up the receiver.

"John," he said, "I am through now, and you can turn on the water again."

John did so and then, leaning on the window sill, said:

"Major, I hope you are going to settle that Chinese question all right. You don't need to be too dern yielding, for all of us boys are behind you."—New York Times.

Franklin's Fate Prefigured.

The fate of Franklin, the famous explorer, was unwittingly prefigured and on the eve of his starting on his last voyage at the hands of his own devoted wife. As he lay dozing on a sofa Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, on which he awoke in consternation, saying: "Why, there's a flag thrown over me! Don't you know that they lay a union jack over a corpse?"

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A special correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" writes from Indiana to add his mite to the general testimony as to Wilson's decline in popular strength. The President, he says, "is not as strong as he was a few months ago."

It is said that farmers in the middle West who sold their wheat at a figure close to the cost of production and unloaded their hogs at a loss, are rather incredulous over the reports of prosperity from war order centers. What! Not believe the Department of Commerce bulletins?

On almost every page of the annual report of Secretary of Commerce Redfield will be found descriptions of the deplorable condition of the service of that Department and the need of greatly increased appropriations, more employees and higher salaries in order to make it a credit to the country. Relatives of the victims of the "Eastland" disaster at Chicago will agree with at least part of the report.

History repeats itself. Describing the hard times suffered by this country in the early '30's. President Wilson says: "There had been a rapid increase, besides, in the volume of imports since 1822, and considerable sums of specie had to be sent out of the country to meet the balances of international trade." Yet President Wilson seems not to have learned anything from the pages of his own writings. He forced through Congress a tariff law that rapidly increased our imports in 1913-14, which necessarily meant less business for American producers, more business for foreigners, and more money going out of the country. But if Mr. Wilson won't learn from his own writings, the American people will, and they will vote for the repeal of a law that tends to increase imports. The fact that the outbreak of the war caused a lull in imports and boosted exports, will not cloud the real issue.

ROWLAND FOR CONGRESS.

Clearfield despatches telegraphed to Philadelphia newspapers recently convey the intimation that A. L. Cole, of Clearfield, is to enter the field for Republican nomination for Congress at the May primaries in opposition to Congressman Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg. Thus far no formal announcement has come from Mr. Cole, but it is said that the word that he will be a candidate is authoritative.

The spirit of the open primaries is, of course, to afford any man the opportunity to go before the people as a candidate. This is entirely right and proper. However, other things being equal, there is a side to the matter that is of prime importance to the people of this or any other Congressional district. Not only custom, but of even greater importance the needs of a district have established the precedent of according a member of Congress two terms, at least. It has long been a recognized fact that a member of Congress becomes of more value to his district the longer he serves, providing he is a fit, capable person. His first term really only serves to break him in. It requires time for any man in a new position to familiarize himself with its varied duties. Consequently a Congressman naturally is of more value to the people and the business interests in his district during his second term. While some may not concur, it is our honest belief that it would be well for any district were the Congressman to be returned for a third or possibly a fourth term. Certainly he could render more service of actual worth to his constituents than under the system of frequent changes.

Congressman Rowland has more than made good in Congress for this district. He is a seasoned business man and one familiar with the business needs of the district. He has been attentive to his duties at Washington. While he has done good work in his first term it stands to reason that he will be fitted to be of even greater service in his second term, assuming that he will be renominated and re-elected. Precedent, if nothing else, should accord him a second term and without opposition. However, we do not view the matter from the standpoint of predecent alone. We believe that he is entitled to and should receive a renomination and re-election because he has made a rattling good member of Congress. And after all, isn't that what we want in this district?

Luck Laden.

An idle person chanced to see a wagon rolling slowly along Fulton street. Bad luck pursued it. At Broadway the driver sleepily tried to cross in disregard of the traffic policeman's ample and warning hand. His number was jotted down in the book of that recording angel and a summons was handed up. A few yards beyond and the horse, turning to avoid a hot chestnut peddler, went down in a heap. The pavement was slippery, and he must needs be unharnessed in the shafts before he could rise. Another block, and somebody was digging a hole in the street to put in some kind of a main for somebody else. The off wheels of the wagon rolled too near, and the vehicle careened and slid into the excavation. It had to be unloaded laboriously by hand before it could be jacked up level again.

The wagon carried a load of 3,000 castoff horseshoes.—New York Post.

Putting the Blame on Noah.

A tablet believed to be 4,000 or 5,000 years old and to antedate the book of Genesis by 1,000 years sets forth, according to the translation of Dr. Steven Langdon of Oxford university, England, that it was Noah and not Adam and Eve who brought about the fall of man. Noah was commanded not to eat of the cassia tree in the garden of paradise, the translation has it, and when he disobeyed the curse of ill health and an early death instead of a life span of 50,000 years like that of his ancestors, fell on him. According to Babylonian and Sumerian accounts, the flood occurred about 35,000 years before Christ, and the period between that catastrophe and creation—432,000 years—was filled in by ten kings, so that each must have ruled something like 43,200 years. The comparatively short reigns of later kings is explained as being the result of Noah's sin in eating of the cassia tree.

Inspiration In Dreams.

Coleridge must be added to the list of authors who have found inspiration in dreams, for he himself has told us that he composed over 200 lines of the "Kublai Khan" during a sleep of three hours. On awaking he wrote down the fragment now existing, but the interruption of a visitor banished the rest from his mind. The first idea of "The Ancient Mariner," too, was suggested to the poet by a dream of his friend Cruikshank. And Kipling's "Greatest Story In the World" was but the half remembered dream of a commonplace young man.—London Mail.

What Makes Mirrors Reflect?

Mirrors that are made of glass have metal placed on one side of the glass. The light will pass through the glass, but will not pass through the metal backing. Light has the property of bounding from a surface that it cannot penetrate, the same as a ball would when thrown against a surface that it cannot penetrate. The light passes through the glass of the mirror, meets the metal backing and then bounds from it. This bounding of the light from the metal surface is called reflection, and mirrors are said to reflect. —St. Nicholas.

A German Legend.

The Germans have a legend of Frederick Barbarossa that he is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep, sitting with his knights at a marble table in the cavern of Kyffhausen, in the Harz mountains. His long red beard has grown during this long enchantment and, covering the table, descends to the floor, and he sits thus waiting the moment that will set him free. There he has been kept for long centuries. There he must stay for ages.

One of a Pair.

The applicant for the post of butler seemed somewhat dense, but in other respects fairly suitable. Almost as an after thought the mistress of the house put a final query. "I suppose you are a single man?" she asked.

"Er—er—no, mum," he stammered. "I'm twins!"—London Opinion.

What Did It Mean?

A notice board in a Scottish kirk once bore, it is said, the following amazing sentence: "This church is licensed for the solemnegation of marriages."

One of the very best of all earthly possessions is self possession.—G. D Prentice.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he a senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Arkansaw Bill

How His Elimination Was Accomplished

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

Away back in the fifties when the town of Deadshot began to think of taking on the hue of civilization the question was how to make a beginning. Men had gone elsewhere for wives, who had consented to marry them and go to Deadshot without being aware of what kind of place it was. Families had sprung up about these couples, and it is generally conceded that a place containing women and children requires different management from one in which there are only men and the only law is gun law. Nevertheless the shooting went on, and in time there were a number of women left widows and children made fatherless.

For some time there was talk of stopping the gun play, but nothing was done till three little children, whose mother had died a natural death, were deprived of their father by an unnatural one. This came home to the citizens of Deadshot, inasmuch as they felt obliged to provide for the children. The grumblings were loud and long, and the desire to stop the gun play received a new impetus. A knot of men were standing on the only street in the town discussing the matter when Andrew Hunker, grinding his quid with a pair of jimber jaws, said:

"Gents, so long as we was all men together the gun was a first rate article for our differences, bein' much more effective and less expensive than by a court of law. But with wimmen and children among us it's different. It's onjust that a woman should be deprived of her husband and his support because he's suspected of holdin' two aces o' clubs when there's only one in a regulation pack. And when a a widower with children is put out o' business the care of his children falls on the town.

"Now, I reccymend that we have an orphan asylum in Deadshot, to be paid for by them as gits the better of sich as differs with 'em. Supposin' we start a fund for the purpose in this way: Any man as bores a hole in another in Deadshot pays a thousand dollars for the privilege. When the fust thousand turns up we'll begin the buildin' o' the asylum, and every thousand comin' in after that goes to carryin' on the good work."

"That's all very well," remarked Cy Atkins, "but who's goin' to levy on the man that bores the hole?"

Mr. Hunker ground his quid a trifle harder and slower and continued:

"I take it for granted that the sentiment o' this yere town has turned agin hole borin', particularly in the bodies of fathers of kids. I offer myself as one to enforce the penalty, and I haven't any doubt that I kin git all the assistance I need."

This clinched the argument, and the same evening a copy of the decree, signed by a self constituted committee, was posted throughout the town. Mr. Hunker's name, written in a style to remind one of John Hancock's on the Declaration of American Independence, led the rest, and those who were disposed to sneer at the document, on seeing his signature, desisted. The women approved, seeing in the edict a promise of being able to keep their husbands.

For several days after the postings of the notice the town of Deadshot was like the 5th of July. Not a pistol cracked. Some of the men were seen going about without their revolvers at their hips, indicating that they would rather get shot than be held for the thousand dollar penalty. But by and by the notices, moistened by the rain, did not look so formidable, and there were signs that they were forgotten or at least had lost their terror.

One morning two shots in quick succession rang out in a cabin where two men were playing cards. A third shot followed a few seconds later. The signers of the edict gathered at the scene of controversy and found Ben Rogers on the floor stone dead with two bullet holes in him. Jim Murphy was unhurt.

Mr. Hunker stepped up to Murphy and demanded his arms. Murphy, who still held his revolver, looked inquiringly into his face, then at six men backing him, all having cocked weapons in their hands, and surrendered.

The body being examined, it was found to contain two holes. The committee, after due consideration, decided that Murphy must pay $1,000 a hole.

The decision staggered the citizens of Deadshot. Some declared that Murphy, having fired in self defense, was not liable to the fine. Others declared that $2,000 for two holes, especially when one would have killed the man receiving it, was exorbitant. The committee gave out that the price of boring holes in human flesh was rising and they were thinking of making it 50 per cent higher. They had nothing to do with any other consideration than enforcing the payment due from hole borers at so much a hole.

Murphy was a gambler, and, since he never played to lose, he had plenty of funds with which to pay his fine. He added $500 as a voluntary subscription, making the nest egg for the orphan asylum $2,500. A hundred dollars was expended for a lot and material was bought for the building.

After this more men left their guns at home, and Deadshot was showing signs of much peacefulness when a new element of trouble came into the town in the person of a man from the south whose real name was not known, but who passed as Arkansaw Bill. He gave evidence of being a desperado. He knew nothing of the firmness of the committee in carrying out the edict against hole boring, and he held a law against gun play in contempt. He announced that any man who was disposed to interfere with him would get holed, and since hole boring was a right he did not intend to pay for exercising it.

Arkansaw Bill at once proceeded to make a nuisance of himself. He insisted on being admitted to games of chance, cheated and when taken to task instead of shooting his accuser invited him to put a hole in him. Bill was doubtless ready to defend himself. What he wanted was to take advantage of his enemy's indisposition to pay $1,000 for shooting him to put the orphan asylum edict into disrepute. He insulted the women, choosing those who had no men whose duty it was to protect them.

It is very hard to make a law that will not on occasion work disadvantageously. Any man attempting to put Arkansaw Bill out of the way must pay $1,000 for the privilege, and for every additional hole that was necessary to do the job he must pay an additional thousand. And this was not the worst of it. Arkansaw Bill was known to be a marvelously quick shot, and any man tackling him was likely to get holed instead of holing him.

A meeting of the committee was called to decide upon some way of getting rid of Arkansaw Bill. It was moved that in case any one put a hole in him the fine should be remitted. The motion was carried, but since any one bent on putting a hole in the desperado was liable to get a hole in himself the remission of the fine did not especially improve matters. No one seemed inclined to tackle him. Andrew Hunker proposed a simultaneous attack upon the enemy, agreeing to fire the first shot. But his proposition did not meet with favor; one or more lives of good citizens were liable to be paid for that of a villain. It was considered advisable that some stratagem should be devised by which he could be eliminated without fine.

In the first place no one was sufficiently inventive to produce such a stratagem, and in the second the consensus of opinion was in favor of a fair fight even if it was desirable to eliminate one of the combatants. It was finally proposed by Mr. Hunker that each man tackle Arkansaw Bill until some one of them downed him. This proposition meeting with favor, Mr. Hunker offered himself as the first victim. It is to the credit of the others that they declined to accept his offer, averring that lots should be drawn to determine who should be first, second, third, and so on till the six members of the committee each had a place in the proceedings.

Six numbers were written on as many bits of paper, from one to six inclusive, and placed in a hat. Then the men successively put a hand in the hat and drew a number. He who drew No. 1 was Abe Billings, a man with a wife and four children. Hunker begged to be permitted to change numbers with him, but Billings would not consent, and the meeting, each man having promised secrecy, broke up. Billings was to choose his own time for doing the job and was not required to give any notice to any one. In case he was killed in the attempt he was to make, the man who had drawn No. 2 was to make another, and so on till Arkansaw Bill or the six men should be eliminated.

Twenty-four hours passed, and both Abe and Bill still lived. During the second night after the lots had been drawn several shots in quick succession were heard coming from the direction of the quarters occupied by the desperado. Every man of the committee believed that Bill or Abe—perhaps both—had bitten the dust. Every one of them got out of bed and hurried to the scene of the fray. Abe's cabin was lighted. His children were running about in their nightgowns, but neither their father nor mother was visible.

One by one the committee as it passed Abe's quarters asked the children what had happened, but getting no coherent response hurried on toward Arkansaw Bill's cabin. They met Mrs. Billings coming away. Asked what had occasioned the firing, for reply she turned and led them to Bill's house. There in the doorway lay a body. Some one struck a match, held it to the dead man's face and lighted up Bill's ashen features.

"Who did it?" asked Hunken.

"I did it," replied Mrs. Billings calmly. "I called him to the door and shot him."

"Where's Abe?"

Again for reply she turned and led them this time to her own home. Going to a door that opened to the cellar she unlocked it and Abe came forth as much wonder stricken as the others.

"What have you been up to?" he asked his wife angrily.

"I've saved you from being murdered."

Then all saw that she had rid the place of its incubus without danger to herself or any one else. Each and every man grasped her hand and exonerated her from blame.

The orphan asylum was never built, for it was not needed. The lot and the material that had been purchased were used for a church, which helped amazingly in the civilization of the town. Deadshot has long since become one of the most thriving and cultured cities in the west. It is no longer called Deadshot. The name has been changed in honor of the woman who rendered the orphan asylum unnecessary.

INSECT MARVELS.

What the Hop Aphis Unchecked Would Do In One Year.

Few persons, writes James Buckland in a report of the Smithsonian institution, realize how enormous is the number of insect species or how amazing is their power of multiplication. The number of insect species is greater by far than that of the species of all other living creatures combined. More than 300,000 have been described, and probably twice that number remain to be examined. Virtually all living animals, as well as most plants, supply food for these incomputable hordes. The fecundity of certain insect forms is astounding.

Riley once computed that the progeny of the hop aphis, which sees thirteen generations born to it in a single year, would, if unchecked to the end of the twelfth generation, multiply to the inconceivable number of ten sextillions of individuals. Supplementing that calculation, Forbush says that if this brood were marshaled in line, ten to the inch, it would extend to a point so sunk in the profundity of space that light from the head of the procession, traveling at the rate of 184,000 miles a second, would take 2,500 years to reach the earth.

Kirkland has computed that in eight years the progeny of one pair of gypsy moths could destroy all the foliage in the United States. A Canadian entomologist declares that in one season the descendants of a pair of potato bugs would, if unchecked, number 60,000,000.

The voracity of insects is almost as astounding as their power of reproduction. The daily ration in leaves of a caterpillar is equal to twice its own weight. If a horse were to eat as much he would require a ton of hay every twenty-four hours. Forbush says that a certain flesh eating larva will consume in twenty-four hours 200 times its original weight. A human child, to do as well, would have to eat in the first day of its life 1,500 pounds of beef.

Trouvelot, who made a special study of the subject, affirms that the food taken by a single silkworm in fifty-six days equals 86,000 times its original weight at hatching. What destruction this one insect would cause if even a one-hundredth part of its eggs ever hatched! The facts show how great is the value to man of the insect eating birds.

WINGS OF A BIRD.

Compared to Them Flying Machine Planes Are but Toys.

Although the bird traveler has no trunk to pack, guidebook to study or ticket to buy, still he must make some preparations for the journey.

The warbler, which nests in Alaska and passes the winter in northern South America, should not begin an 8,000 mile voyage through the air over mountains, plains and seas unless its engine is in good order and it has a proper supply of fuel.

"But," you ask, "what is a bird's engine, and where does it carry fuel?"

A bird's engine is really its wings and the muscles which move them. It is one of the most perfect engines in the world. It is simple, but strong. It works easily, but it is powerful and rarely gets out of order.

For many years man tried to make flying machines which should have wings like those of birds. But he never succeeded. He could not make even a feather! Finally he discovered that if he would make a machine that would fly he must give it wings and an engine. So he constructed an aeroplane, which has wide, stiff wings, or "planes," measuring about thirty feet from tip to tip. These wings cannot be flapped, and in themselves they furnish no power. But to them man added an engine driven by gasoline and electricity. This engine turns a long bladed propeller, which urges the aeroplane forward, while the planes support it when it is in motion.

But a bird's wing, we must remember, is both plane and engine. It gives support as well as power. It is therefore a far more remarkable machine than the one made by man.—Frank M Chapman in St. Nicholas.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulet They operate easily. 25c at all stores.

WASHING THE EYES.

Also How to Shut Them to Keep Out Soapy Water.

It is a common thing to screw one's eyes up as tightly as possible when washing, in order that the soap shall not get into one's eyes. Many of us remember, especially when children are concerned, how much a strong soap smarts when the suds steal under the eyelids.

We should never get soap in our eyes if we closed them naturally, as in sleep. The eyelid is an absolute protection. Certainly no soapsuds can penetrate the membrane, and equally certainly the way in which the eyelashes cover the actual joint make it impervious. The eye, when closed in sleep, is light proof, a much greater test of being shut than the ability to shed soapy water.

On the other hand, when we screw up our eyes tightly, which is done by contracting the muscles of the eyebrow and the upper cheek, a number of creases are formed down which the soapsuds trickle, and the eye, which seems so tightly shut, is really more open to annoyance. The more tightly the eye is held, however, the more does the lower lid force up the protecting eyelashes of the upper lid and thus prevent the watershed that the naturally closed eye makes.

In modern city life, where there is so much dust, the eye should be washed every day. The trick of opening one's eyes under water, which every good swimmer knows, can be easily done in an eyeglass, or, for that matter, in an ordinary basin. To put the face down in clear cold water and open and shut the eyes once or twice not only will give a feeling of freshness, but for those who use their eyes a great deal it will be found a great preventer of eye strain.

In washing out the eye, however, it is necessary to be careful. Soapy water should never be used, as in most soaps there are chemicals of a drying and alkaline character, which are excessively injurious to the eye.—Washington Post.

Richard Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell tried to train his son to be a worthy successor as protector, but the attempt was a failure. Richard was easy going and amiable and more addicted to sports than to statecraft. He was the acknowledged lord protector from Sept. 3, 1658, to May 25, 1659, but cut little figure as such. He did not relish official duties and much preferred having a good time. The cavaliers called him "Queen Dick," and others still less respectfully spoke of him as "Tumbledown Dick." He was glad to quit when parliament told him to get out. After his abdication, however, he conducted himself with credit and even with dignity. He lived in quiet retirement for fifty-three years and died July 12, 1712, at the ripe old age of ninety.—Argonaut.

The Shrew.

The shrew was originally the shrew mouse, which, when her young were helpless, would fight desperately in their defense, and so well known was the courage of this little animal, which would even go out of its way to seek an enemy at times when the nest needed protection, that the word became applied to a woman who was ever ready to seek a quarrel.

Be silent or say something better than silence.—Pythagoras.

His Objection.

Scottish Bachelor—Will ye hae some tea? Visitor—Oh, please don't trouble! Bachelor—It's no the trouble; it's just the expense.—London Punch.

Hard Work.

"Pa, what is meant by literary endeavor?"

"Trying to sell the stuff, son."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The more that fortune smiles the more one ought to tremble.—F. de Neufchateau.

Hives, eczema itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment is fine for skin itching. All druggists sell it. 50c a box.

Got some money for Xmas, didn't you? Don't you think you'd better get something for it that will last you for many many years? Jewelry and Silverware will do it.

Think It Over.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Miss Mary Fisher, of Intersection, spent Sunday with her brother Joseph Fisher.

Mrs. John Kreps and daughter, Margaret, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barrett.

Miss Mary Pletcher, of Howard, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wetzler.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lambert are rejoicing over the arrival of a new daughter.

Miss Grace Moyer, of Bellefonte, is visiting Mrs. Mary Murray.

Thomas Quick, of Julian, spent Monday in town.

Mrs. Martin Brower, of Runville, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Revival services are being held in the M. E. church by Rev. W. A. Lepley.

Miss Hilda Bryan, of Curtin, spent Sunday with Mrs. Joseph Fisher.

James Letterman, of Parvin, spent Sunday with his father, Frank Letterman.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and family, of Bellefonte, have moved into the Hugg flat on Water Street. Mr. Jackson is employed at the Titan Metal Works.

Mrs Wesley Cartright and daughter, Mrs. H. White, of Johnstown, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

H. Robison returned home Tuesday from Unionville.

Mrs. Fred Heaton and son, of Tyrone, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Filmore, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Murray.

Clarence Reeder, of Lock Haven, visited Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bryan last week.

Mac Bryan and Irvin Bathurst, of Curtin, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Spear.

James Hugg, of Philipsburg, Sundayed with his sister, Miss Maud Hugg.

Roy Laird, of State College, visited his cousin, Miss Gladys Glenn, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harvey have moved from Howard to the Bavarr house on Main Street.

J. C. Peters, of Tyrone, visited friends in town last week.

H. L. Spear spent Sunday in Pleasant Gap.

Mrs. Oliver King, of Zion, spent Wednesday in town.

Ralph Shope left Monday for Jersey Shore, where he is employed.

Mrs. Frank Barrett spent Sunday in Pleasant Gap.

Clyde Peters, of Pittsburgh, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Peters.

Mt. Eagle.

Roland McCartney shipped a car load of mine props last Thursday.

The Penna. R. R. Co. last week shipped several car loads of ties from Mt. Eagle station.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant was in Howard last Thursday in attendance upon the funeral of the late Miss Louise Hensyl.

Grandmother Robinson spent last Friday in Howard with her son, William, and while there attended to some shopping.

Mrs. Roland McCartney and little daughter went to Snow Shoe last Saturday to visit a few days with old friends.

Mrs. Austin Bathurst on Saturday, last, visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jack Barnhart, at Curtin.

Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh and Julia and Mrs. Patrick Barger and baby, from Howard, spent a part of last Thursday evening in town with friends.

Miss Grace Packer, who makes her home with Mrs. Bosler in Milesburg, spent Sunday here with Grandmother Wyman and family.

Lloyd Shank was in Bellefonte last Saturday attending to some business matters.

Miss Johnson, of Howard, visited on Sunday evening at the home of Miss Gertrude Leathers.

Groceryman Dietz transacted business in Bellefonte last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson and children, of Howard, spent Sunday with Mr. Robinson's parents on the farm.

Mrs. Theopholus Pletcher visited on Sunday at the home of Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Joseph Daughenbaugh, of Howard, spent Sunday with his brother, Hayes.

Miss Gertrude Deitz and Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard, took supper with friends here on Sunday evening.

Hunter Thomas, of Howard, tarried here between trains last Sunday with his brother, John.

Allen's Foot-Ease for the Troops.

Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, for use among the troops, because it gives rest and comfort to tired, aching, swollen feet and makes walking easy. At druggists everywhere, 25c.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Pine Grove Mills.

Last Saturday evening Washington Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, No. 157, held a very interesting and instructive meeting, after the regular routine business had been disposed of. District Deputy J. S. Dale took the floor, Master Mack Fry giving up the chair. Mrs. J. S. Dale acted as steward most successfully. The following officers were installed: G. B. Mack Fry, master; S. I. Corl, overseer; Roy M. Decker, lecturer; Fred Corl, steward; J. Foster Musser, assistant steward; Mrs. Jennie Neidigh, chaplain; Mary Corl, secretary; J. D. Neidigh, treasurer; C. L. Corl, gate keeper; Vida Corl, lady assistant steward. Flo Johnson, Lady Ceres; Bertha Corl, Pomona; Ella Wolford, Flora; J. S. Dale, W. K. Corl and N. C. Neidigh, executive committee; D. I. Johnson, N. C. Neidigh and D. F. Kapp, trustees.

Among those from distant points who were here on Wednesday morning for the funeral of the late W. H. Musser were Harry and Ralph Meek, of Pittsburgh, both conductors on the Pennsylvania Railroad; Miss Grace Sutten, of Altoona; Mills Shiffer, of Harrisburg; John Shiffer, of Sunbury, and Harry Sutten, of Harrisburg.

LURE OF CHECKERS

A Game That Has Been Played For Twenty Centuries.

LONG KNOWN AS "DRAUGHTS."

Plato and Homer Mentioned the Game In Their Writings, and Many Relics of It Have Been Unearthed From the Tombs of Ancient Egypt.

In the messengers' room of a big industrial plant two boys hovered meditatively over a checkerboard of red and black squares and moved their "men" from square to square with much premeditation. An old man chanced that way and, lured by the contest, stopped and looked on. Taking the liberties or the rights that his years warranted, he suggested a move and was soon absorbed in the game. Another man came by and stopped, and soon there was a group around the silent and intent contestants. The lure of checkers was upon them.

This game in slightly modified forms has exercised its fascination upon the human race for centuries that cannot be counted. "Checkers" is a new name for an ancient game. To English speaking people it was long known as "draughts," and in all the languages of civilized men it has a name. There are variations in the way of playing it, but it is the familiar checkers of our time just the same.

So many things come to light out of the ancient tombs of Egypt that it strikes the modern man as remarkable how many articles they buried with men in those dim, long gone ages, but out of tombs at least twenty centuries old explorers, excavators and tomb breakers have brought forth pieces of checkerboards and the disks which for some reason are called "men." And as such things have been found in tombs that were sealed twenty centuries ago it is possible that some time in very much older tombs explorers may find relics of checkers.

In the British museum one of the exhibits in the Egyptian collection is a board and men of the ancient game which came out of one of those ancient tombs. Some of the oldest of the mural decorations of ancient Egypt depict players engaged at draughts, or whatever the ancient Egyptians may have called the game.

Classic references may be found to draughts. Plato mentioned it and writes that it was the invention of an Egyptian whom he called Hermes Trismegistus, but where and how Plato got the information are not clear. It is very easy to say that such and such a man invented such and such a game, but close investigation usually proves that he hit on some adaptation or variation of a very much older game.

Tracing the genesis of a game of skill or chance usually leads the investigator too far back in the mists of the past to be sure that he has found the correct answer.

This game is also mentioned by Homer, and he records the observation that it was played during the period with which the "Odyssey" deals. There is little doubt that the Greeks played the game and that at a later period the Romans played a variant of it, which they called "latruncuil."

It was early played through northern Europe and was played there at such a remote period that it was said to have been one of the few things which were not introduced in that region by the Romans.

It was one of the most popular games in Europe during the sixteenth century. In the Library of Congress are several old books treating of the game. Samuel Johnson once wrote a preface to a book on the game of draughts which one William Payne had composed at the expense of much time and effort.

Students of checkers and very old players of the game recall the names of Anderson, an Englishman, and Wyllie, "the herd laddie," who were famous checker players about half a century ago. Wyllie traveled all over the world playing contests with local checker experts and enthusiasts. Martens, an English player, and two Americans, Yates and Barker, succeeded to the fame of Anderson and Wyllie.—Washington Star.

Gwendolin's Failing

How a New Year Resolution Was Kept

By F. A. MITCHEL

Miss Gwendolin Caruthers was a bankrupt in flirtation. During her summer outing she had become involved with three suitors; two more had been added in the autumn, and the Christmas holidays had increased the total by one more. Of those two were serious, three were semi-serious, and one was to be counted a credit instead of a debit, for the gentleman had not been brought to a proposal.

Now, considering the fact that Miss Caruthers had but one heart for the five or six suitors, her assets and liabilities may be said to be as one to half a dozen. Notwithstanding this distressing condition of her heart affairs, at a party congregated to see the old year out and the new year in she yielded to the temptation to take position in a window seat behind a curtain with still another young man and then and there deliberately drew him into a proposal.

Miss Caruthers' disposition to go heart hunting had been noticed by both her father and mother and had given them great concern.

"She's not only declining desirable parties," said her mother, "but driving away other desirable young men who do not dare trust her."

"Too bad!" said her father. "The day may come when she has passed the mating age and will be forced into endured spinsterhood."

It was a great relief, therefore, when Gwendolin astonished her father and mother by coming down to breakfast with them at 9 o'clock New Year's morning and announcing to them that she had made a New Year's resolution not to incur any more heart liabilities during the year she was entering upon. In other words, she would not act toward any young man in an encouraging manner.

"Good for you, Gwen!" exclaimed her father, taking her in his arms. "If you assure me one year from today that you have kept your resolution I'll give you an automobile."

"Done!" cried Gwen, kissing him first on one cheek and then on the other.

"But"— said her father, holding her off and looking her in the eye.

"But what?"

"There must of course be an exception."

"I see; the exception is an acception."

"You mean an acceptance. If you accept a man and marry him that won't count."

"Suppose I accept him and don't marry him?"

"That will count."

Gwen gave her father another kiss and sat down to breakfast. She dismissed the matter of her newly made resolution from her mind, for she only realized its importance in relieving her from having to make excuses to rejected suitors and had no doubt whatever of keeping it.

Unfortunately there was just one weak spot in Gwen's resolution. In the list of men who had become entangled with her during the past year mention has been made of one whom she had been unable to bring to his knees. This was George Underwood, a young man much engrossed in business and so steady on his pins, to use a slangy phrase, that it was very difficult for any one to bowl him over. He was not a woman's man, never danced, and, as for an affair of hearts, it had not occurred to him that it could be played as a game.

Gwen had tackled him just as she had tackled the others, not having looked upon any of them as a probable husband. Underwood's attention was not easily secured, and when it was secured there was no favorable response to Gwen's advances. In vain she had endeavored to batter down that indifference which stood between her and his heart. When trying to secure an entrance she would be miffed at a commonplace remark about the weather or some other event equally far distant from what was uppermost in her mind. The consequence was that when she made her resolution on that New Year's morning she had but one regret—she would be obliged to leave Underwood unfinished.

Mr. Underwood was in control of a large business that brought him often in contact with Mr. Caruthers. Occasionally he had come into the latter's home of an evening to talk over some business enterprise, and Gwen had lain in wait for him as he was about to depart. He was past thirty and was beginning to consider himself too old for girls still in their teens. Consequently when Gwen wished to hold him for the rest of the evening she was obliged to resort to subterfuge. She would ask for his opinion on some matter upon which she was in doubt or beg him to help her out for the rest of the evening at a game of cribbage. Once she asked him to play at "hearts" with her in a tone that would have made any other man suspicious of her at once; but, whether Underwood understood her or not, he gave no responsive sign.

Gwen never saw Underwood, who eschewed social functions, except on these visits to her father. The first time the former called after the resolution she locked herself in her room. One would have supposed that instead of his having cause to be afraid of her it was she who was afraid of him. At his second call, during which an important business matter kept him with her father till 10 o'clock, on hearing him in the hall about to take his departure she went down on purpose to see if he showed any disappointment at not having seen her at the time of his last call. The business matter he had been discussing engrossed his attention, and he went out with simply a "Good evening."

"Papa," said Gwen to her father the next morning at breakfast, "I am thinking of making one exception in my New Year resolution. In case I do how about the car?"

"The only exception, so far as the car is concerned, is marriage."

Gwen pouted. It was evident that marriage was not to be considered in the case to which she referred.

Mr. Underwood did not have occasion to call on Mr. Caruthers again for six months. Then he came intending to remain only long enough to secure the latter's signature to a document.

While the two men were talking in Mr. Caruthers' smoking den Gwen was waiting in the drawing room for them to end their conference, for she desired to speak with Underwood before he left the house. In this instance the meeting was unusually prolonged, and every now and again Gwen noticed that the words were spoken in a low voice, for the door of the smoking room was but partly closed, and when they were uttered in an ordinary tone she could hear something of what was said. What she was waiting for was to ask Mr. Underwood what kind of car she should select, for New Year's day was approaching, and she was anticipating her promised reward.

Now, there was great risk in Gwen's consulting the only man who was likely to make her break her resolution upon the character of the prize she was to win by keeping it. Underwood seemed to be oblivious to her having any other intention than what appeared on the surface. It is not to be asserted that Gwen did have any other intention. It is quite likely that if she had she would not admit it to herself.

This was in November, and but six or seven weeks remained for Gwen to keep her resolution and win the car. Therefore it is not surprising that she should be thinking about what kind of car she would ask her father to buy for her. Underwood gave her the points pro and con of different cars and recommended a make that he used himself as one very easily handled. Would she like to try his car? She thought she would, but feared for her resolution. However, the time was so nearly up that she concluded to venture.

The afternoon appointed for the drive Indian summer weather prevailed, and there was a genial languor in the air. Gwen had been "good" for ten months. With so indifferent a person she did not think it dangerous to put out a feeler. For the first time she received a response. She tried hard to stop, but the ruling passion was too strong for her. She went further and was met halfway. Presently Mr. Underwood, not waiting for a new advance, plunged into violent lovemaking, followed by a declaration.

New Year's morning came round, and Mr. Caruthers said to his daughter, "Well, Gwen, can you assure me that you have done nothing during the past year to draw any man into a proposal?"

Gwen looked first at the ceiling, then at the floor, then out of the window, but made no reply.

"You don't mean, sweetheart," continued the parent, "that you have lost your car?"

"I don't know."

"If you have I'm very sorry. I have put aside $5,000 for the purpose."

"Five thousand!"

"Yes."

Gwen was silent for awhile, then said, "I'm afraid, papa, that in order to win I'll have to get married."

"Don't do that unless you can give the man you marry your heart."

"I'm not quite certain about that."

"Whom have you drawn into your net?"

"George Underwood—only I fancy he drew me into his net."

"George is a splendid fellow."

"And the car he uses is a splendid car."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see, papa, when the end of my probation was coming and I was thinking what kind of car I should have I asked Mr. Underwood the kind he would recommend. He recommended one he used himself and offered to take me out in it. I just thought I would try him a little teeny weeny bit. Giving him an inch, he took an ell."

The father burst into a laugh and, taking his daughter in his arms, hugged her.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"I can't possibly give up the auto."

"How about marrying George?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to swallow him."

"Good! When you make up your mind tell him so, and I'll order the car."

"I've told him already."

There was another kiss, and the parent went away to telephone his congratulations to Underwood. Desiring the young man for a son-in-law and having been asked by him for permission to pay his addresses to Gwen, Underwood had been apprised of the situation and enabled to take advantage of it.

And now an excellent husband and a numerous progeny have removed all temptation from Mrs. Underwood to flirt, and she is narrowly watching her eldest daughter, fearing that she may inherit her mother's delinquency.

CYDONINE

Greatest Thing for Chapped Hands And the Face.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25 tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED: competent girl, white or colored, for general housework. Three in family. Mrs. C. E. Govier, State College. Bell Phone 102-J.

GIRL WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Apply to Miss Alice Reber, 312 West College Avenue, State College, Pa. Bell phone 30-M.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

ROOMS WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms in Bellefonte wanted for light housekeeping; must be good location; reasonable. Address Box 64, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—All Christians to volunteer to help win Bellefonte for Christ, to assist in the singing, and to do personal work. Will you enlist? Evangelist Starke. ADV.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkge. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 9 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farms $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity. write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer, $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

LOST—On December 16th, somewhere between State College and Snow Shoe, on state road, gentleman's yellow leather traveling bag, about 20 inches long. Contains personal effects, business cards, order blanks also heavy red sweater. If finder will return same to Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa., reward of $5 will be paid.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the Estate of Miles O. Hoy, late of Ferguson Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, Deceased.

The undersigned, appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds remaining in the hands of the Administrator of Miles O. Hoy late of Ferguson Township, deceased, according to his first and final account filed in the Orphans' Court of Centre County, will meet the parties in interest at his offices in Bellefonte, Temple Court, on Friday, the 28th day of January, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M. to perform the duties of his appointment. All persons having any claim on said fund will be required to appear either in person or by counsel and prove their claims or be forever debarred from participating in the distribution of said funds.

W. D. ZERBY,
Auditor.

Notice.

To Frank C. Allen, and to all persons who have any knowledge of his whereabouts.

WHEREAS, Frank C. Allen, formerly of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, disappeared from his home on or about the 15th day of December A. D. 1907 and has never been heard from since, NOTICE is hereby given that application has been made by William P. Allen, his only surviving child, for letters of administration on said estate, and in accordance with a decree of the Orphans' Court of said county, dated December 1915, Friday the 21st day of January A. D. 1916, has been fixed for the day for a preliminary hearing relative to the continued disappearance of said Frank C. Allen.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Attorney.
12-9-4t.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Dorcas M. Clewell, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Jacob Woodring of Port Matilda, Post Office, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney.
JACOB WOODRING, Executor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Susan Becker Ferguson late of State College borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa.
J. A. FERGUSON, Administrator, State College, Pa.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

For Feverishness, Bad Stomach Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists 26c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

If Mothers Only Knew.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 28 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah Truckenmiller Dead.

Mrs. Sarah Truckenmiller died at Runvillie on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. She was aged 76 years, 6 months and 5 days. Burial will be made at Zion on Saturday.

Harmony House

The "Good Angel" of the Home

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Harmony House dwelt in the midst of pleasant green lawns, noble trees and many scattered flower beds.

The rooms were arranged in suits of three small bedrooms, bath and sitting room, and to each suit the management allotted three "guests" of the house—spinsters of fifty and over and indigent childless widows.

This "home," with its annual fee of $50 each, assured the inmates a home for life provided peace dwelt within its walls. In case of dissension the malefactor must bid farewell to Harmony House forever.

And Harmony House had been the gift of Miss Keziah Todd, a peace loving spinster of ample means.

Her portrait hung over the high mantelpiece in the front hall and gazed benignantly down upon the guests of Harmony House, whose lives she had tried to brighten while her own faded away into another world.

It was March, and there was a hint of spring in the sharp air, even though the snow lay eight inches deep over lawns, fields and highway.

Five o'clock of a March afternoon, and twenty-four guests of Harmony House gathered in the general sitting room on the first floor. Promptly at 6 Hepsy Biddle, the housekeeper, would announce supper, and if it wasn't Hepsy Biddle it would be one of the waitresses. Anyway, some one would ring the supper bell.

"I hope it's Hepsy. I want to ask her about the new lady who came this afternoon," fussed Mrs. Bennett.

"I saw her," remarked Alicia Pearson—"small and scrawny, like a little canary."

Some one laughed.

"I wonder if she sings like one?" tittered Ellen Smith, her false teeth clicking in unison with her tongue.

A sharp voice broke in from the doorway, a strange voice, the voice of the newcomer.

"I can tell you I don't sing like a canary!" it snapped. "And I don't cackle like a hen or titter like a guinea hen! Oh, good evening, Mrs. Biddle!"

Over the tiny form of the irate newcomer Hepsy Biddle loomed like an angel of peace.

"Why, Miss Olivia, I didn't know you had arrived! Did some one show you your room?"

"The girl did," said Olivia Ladd. "And she said it was most supper time, so I came down."

"That's right. Make yourself at home. I'll introduce you to your roommates, and they can introduce you to the rest."

Hepsy led Olivia up to Alicia Pearson and Ellen Smith.

They both bowed and said, "Pleased to meet you." And Olivia stared hard at them and said pertly:

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure!"

Hepsy drifted away toward the kitchen, and Olivia was left in the middle of the sitting room, with forty-eight eyes focused on her sprightly little form.

Olivia Ladd wore a black cashmere skirt, made narrow in the latest mode. She wore black high heeled slippers, with silver buckles, and a white shirt waist with a sailor collar that showed a stringy little throat that was quivering more than its owner would admit.

Olivia's pale sandy hair was coiled in two small flat circles behind her ears. Her blue eyes had a strained look, and there were hard little lines around her nose and mouth.

Not one of the women present dreamed that Olivia Ladd had reached what appeared to her a haven of refuge.

For thirty years she had been a dressmaker, out by the day, and, having considered long and carefully how to invest her savings, she had been sent to the management of Harmony House.

"I'm going to do nothing for weeks and weeks," Olivia had promised herself. So she fixed up her wardrobe and felt a sense of triumph in descending upon the rural inmates of Harmony House in the glory of up to date clothes.

"I shall never make clothes for any one except myself," was another promise Olivia had made. She felt rather forlorn in the midst of the women, and for one instant she longed for her tiny room in the crowded city.

But the old fighting spirit was in her, and she tossed her head and remarked pleasantly:

"I suppose there's a chair for me, but I don't seem to see it."

Mrs. Mattie Jones laughed good naturedly.

"It's right behind me, Miss Ladd. I'm so fat that I shut off all the view. Here, Miss Ambler, shove that chair around for Miss Ladd. Now, you sit down by me and tell me all the news from the city."

Olivia thanked Mrs. Jones and took the chair. She told her about the snow blockade on the city streets, about the near accident on the railroad and finally how she had dropped a cherished plant—a rose geranium—on the station platform and had seen it crushed to atoms by a heavy baggage truck.

She spoke of the latest and most thrilling news of the war, the sinking of ships by submarines, news which seemingly had not come to the ears of good natured, laughing Mrs. Jones. After the usual questions and exclamations of horror she passed on to other news.

"Never mind, my dear," reassured Mrs. Jones, patting Olivia's hand. "I've got two rose geraniums, all budded. My plant was so big that I divided it, thinking maybe some one would like one of them. I guess I was saving it for you!"

"You are very kind. I shall like you so much," said Olivia warmly, and the two women went out to supper in a glow of good feeling.

During the meal Olivia talked to some of the other women and liked it—all except Ellen Smith and Alicia Pearson, who shared the same suit with the newcomer.

"It's just my luck," thought Olivia forlornly. "I wish I had shared some rooms with Mattie Jones or that Miss Ambler."

The evening passed quickly with fancy work, conversation and music from a large phonograph.

At 10 o'clock Mattie Jones got up and said good night. Her departure was the signal for a general exodus, and as the women went out Olivia's bright eyes had inventoried each one's appearance and found it wanting in style. Their skirts were too full, their shirtwaists were out of date and all of them wore either black or white—most trying of all tints to one who is no longer young.

"I don't wonder they look cranky," said Olivia as she went up to her room. "What they need are cheerful clothes to liven them up. Take Mrs. Jones, with her white hair. She would look sweet in pink, like Mrs. Judge Latimer used to wear."

Olivia passed through the tiny hall that led to her room.

Miss Pearson and Ellen Smith were in adjoining rooms talking to each other while they prepared for bed.

"It may be the style," Ellen was saying, "but I don't think it's proper to wear skirts that tight."

"Oh, pshaw!" retorted Alicia Pearson. "Seems as if I'd relish a skirt that didn't blow out like a balloon."

"Alicia! Would you wear such a tight skirt?" demanded Ellen in a horrified tone.

"I'd wear anything different," retorted Alicia recklessly. "I'm sick of looking so old and middle aged."

"You can't help it. You are middle aged," snapped back Ellen. "I suppose you'd like to wear your hair in two little coils behind your ears," she sneered.

"I'm trying it that way now," said Alicia coolly.

"Let me see! Alicia Pearson, if you don't look like the old Nick!" gasped Ellen.

At that moment Olivia appeared in the door. She wore a low necked lace trimmed nightgown, and there was a giddy little blue bow at the throat and on each apology for a sleeve. Her ginger colored hair was neatly braided and tied with blue ribbons.

"I thought I'd like to say good night to some one," she said rather timidly. "I've lived alone in a boarding house for so many years, and when I thought of coming here I kept thinking it would be like home—so many lonesome women glad to get together."

"Good land!" gasped amazed Ellen.

"Come in and sit down," invited Alicia. "I'm trying to do my hair like yours. How do you manage it?"

Olivia showed her. Then Ellen's scanty gray locks were brushed into a fluffy mass on top of her head instead of its usual tight knot.

They fell to exchanging confidences, and finally they talked about clothes. Olivia was in her glory.

Then she gave them her confidence and told the story of her weary years at dressmaking and how being able to alter their clothes would be a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

Long after the lights were out and each woman was in her narrow bed they continued to talk back and forth until Hepsy Biddle knocked on the door for quiet.

The next morning Olivia formed a sewing club. Every member of Harmony House joined at once. They gathered about the newcomer with workbaskets and out of date garments, and Olivia showed them how to alter and make over gowns and coats and hats.

"You'll wear yourself out, Miss Olivia," expostulated Hepsy Biddle one day.

"I never was so happy in my life," returned Olivia. "We have such good times sewing together, Miss Biddle, and it's like one big family here. Seems like they're all my sisters and they need me. That's the happiest thought of all."

Hepsy nodded.

"I suppose some folks would say clothes making was a sin, but I say anything that brings joy and peace to lonely hearts is all right. And quarrels mostly begin through idleness. So I think if Miss Todd was only here she'd shake hands with you and say you were the good angel of Harmony House. They've stopped squabbling, thank goodness."

Olivia blushed to the roots of her gingery hair.

"I'm so happy I don't know what to do," half sobbed Olivia as she ran down the steps of Harmony House.

"I think they're calling you to come over and play croquet," said Hepsy, with twinkling eyes, for the lawn of Harmony House was sprinkled with all the members of the big family. They walked freely in the grass and swung their mallets with vigor.

Their remodeled gowns may have been entirely inappropriate to sober middle age, and the freakish coiffures may have seemed ridiculous, but they were entirely happy.

MAKING A RECORD

Methods by Which a Phonograph Disk Is Produced.

CATCHING THE SOUND WAVES

They Are First Imprisoned In Wax and Then Transferred to a Negative in Copper, and From This Master Mold the Records Are Obtained.

The Edison phonograph, the graphophone type perfected by Bell and Tainter and the gramophone type by Berliner are all based on substantially the same principle. Sound waves set up in the air by any sound are allowed to strike a delicately held diaphragm, which vibrates under the impact of the sound waves. The vibrations are made to leave a record on a suitable medium, and this sound record is used to perform the inverse operation when it is required to reproduce recorded sounds—that is, the record is made to vibrate a sensitive diaphragm and set up in the air particular waves, which convey to the ear the impression of sound.

The differences in the systems are in the way in which the vibrations are recorded. The disk record, which made the machine popular, was first manufactured in the United States in 1897. Improvements in the machine and in the needles followed.

To make a gramophone record a person sings before the mouth of a horn, the object of which is to concentrate the energy of the sound waves upon the recording diaphragm. At the narrow end of the horn are the recording sound box and the machine with its attendant expert. There is a screen between singer and operater to guard the secrets of the sound box. On the farther side of the screen is a horizontal table carrying a wax tablet rotated beneath the recording sound box at a uniform speed, usually about seventy-six revolutions per minute. As the table rotates it travels laterally at a uniform speed, and the wax tablet is thus caused to travel slowly under the stationary recording box. The sapphire cutting point is lowered so as to enter the wax three and one-half to four one-thousandths of an inch, and as the machine runs it cuts a fine spiral groove, running from the edge to the center. The construction of the sound box is secret, as is the composition of the wax tablet.

The next step in the process is the reproduction of the record as a negative in copper. The wax is dusted with graphite and worked into the grooves with a badger brush to make it electro-conductive; then it is lowered into an electrolytic bath of copper salt solution. The wax is kept in continuous motion in the bath until the copper shell is nine-tenths of a millimeter in thickness.

This negative is a master, and from this a few commercial samples can be pressed to test the quality of the record. The manufacturers, however, wish to make thousands of copies without hurting their master; therefore they make duplicates of their master by taking impressions in wax composition, from which working matrices are made. Then copper shells are obtained from these in the same way. The copper shell is then backed by a brass plate one-half inch in thickness by soldering under pressure.

Then the matrix is nickel plated on the recorded side in order to wear better and after polishing is ready for the pressing machine. The commercial record is pressed into some substance hard at normal temperature and plastic under heat and very hard and smooth. Various compounds are employed by different makers, but shellac is the principal ingredient. Shellac, wood charcoal, heavy spar and earthy coloring matter in certain proportions are used.

This compound after careful mixing is rolled into thin sheets and divided into sections, one for each record. The section is then pressed by a hydraulic press. The matrix is heated and placed face up in a mold, the label is placed face down on the matrix, and on this is placed in a warm, plastic state enough material for one record. Both halves of the press are furnished with cooling plates, through which streams of water can be passed, and the surfaces are cooled quickly. The record is then removed, the edges trimmed with emery wheels, and it is then ready for sale.—New York Times.

Choosing.

A dozen pretty girls were cavorting about the stage at an amateur theatrical rehearsal when two young men took seats in the last row.

"So your girl's in this show, eh?" said one youth.

"Yep," replied the other. "She's on the stage right now."

"Which one is she?"

"The pretty one," came the reply in all seriousness.—Detroit News.

The Sewing Machine.

Elias Howe, whose sewing machine was the first to come into popular favor, was not, it seems, the originator of the idea, as an Englishman had made drawings of such a machine in 1790, and another was in operation in Paris as early as 1830.—Argonaut.

Entirely Too Common.

The Doctor—Madam, you must take more exercise. I should advise walking every day. Mrs. Newlyriche—Walking! My dear doctor, you must be accustomed to attending poor people.—Philadelphia Record.

The silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem.—Emerson.

Famous Woman Writer Describes Christmas in Trenches

PATIENT EDITORS AT WORK

A year ago Mary Roberts Rinehart was in the trenches on the battle front. She is the only woman writer who has been granted that privilege. She interviewed the king and queen of Belgium, Queen Mary of England and General French, the commander of the English forces. From her remarkable experiences she draws a lesson for the patients in the State's great tuberculosis sanatoria at Mont Alto, Cresson and Hamburg, who are fighting to regain their health.

Mrs. Rinehart has contributed an article to aid the amateur editors of Spunk, a magazine published by the patients at Mont Alto. As she is the highest-paid woman writer in this country, whose stories are worth more than a dollar a word, the jubilation of the editors can be easily understood. The work of publishing the magazine is done entirely by the patients.

Commissioner of Health Dixon has encouraged the work, as it offers an interesting occupation for the patients. The story is as follows:

"To the Patients at Mont Alto, Hamburg and Cresson: I am sorry not to be able to write a Christmas article for Spunk this year. One of the things I promise myself, with great regularity, is to try to return to all of you some of the messages of cheerfulness and hope that you send me each month.

But time goes by, and I grow busier, and life presses very hard. So I fail, and no one is sorrier than I am.

It is a great thing, this message business. There is some sort of a message in every printed word. I am learning that every day, in the work that I do. So it is odd to think that I, who am well and strong, should be looking now and then for a word of cheerfulness from people not so fortunate.

It is really a great lesson. How wise you all are, at Cresson and Hamburg and Mont Alto! How well you know that of faith and hope and charity, the greatest of these is hope! Hope and high courage, and battles are won.

There are worse things than illness. There is sickness of the heart, which is despair, and there is sickness of the soul, which is death. And there is a very terrible thing, which is the sickness of nations.

Last winter, just a week or so later than this, I was at the front in Flanders. The men were being changed about in the trenches. Why? Because of Christmas day!

There had been a Christmas truce. At midnight on Christmas eve, here and there in the confronting trenches men sang the hymns of the Nativity. Eight hundred miles of armed men singing.

The artillery duel ceased, and after breakfast, where the trenches were close enough together, the men held up their Christmas gifts for the other side to see.

The Germans, full of sentiment about Christmas, had many gifts. The French and English were well provided. Men stepped out of the trenches onto the forbidden ground between.

At first cautiously, then without fear, the men mingled. What an extraordinary sight it must have been! Men who had been trying to kill each other but a few hours before, and who on the next day would again be killing, meeting there between the lines, and exchanging gifts, candy for cigarettes, matches—those luxuries of the trenches—for pipe tobacco.

All but the Belgians. Christmas dawned a sorry day for them. They were cut off from their homes. Not even a card could come to them through those lines that stretched across their country.

But on Christmas morning came gifts to the Belgians after all. An Englishman had thought of them. They got, every man of them, pipes, pipe tobacco, cigarettes and matches.

All of that day, the strange truce went on. When night fell, the singing began again. They sang the day out, as they had sung it in.

But the next day the men were moved in the trenches. Hate had died of a Christmas day, and war cannot live without hate. The unseen enemy across had been seen and talked to, and proved to be men, men with families who had sent them gifts, men who smiled and who sang.

They were moved on, and the fighting began again.

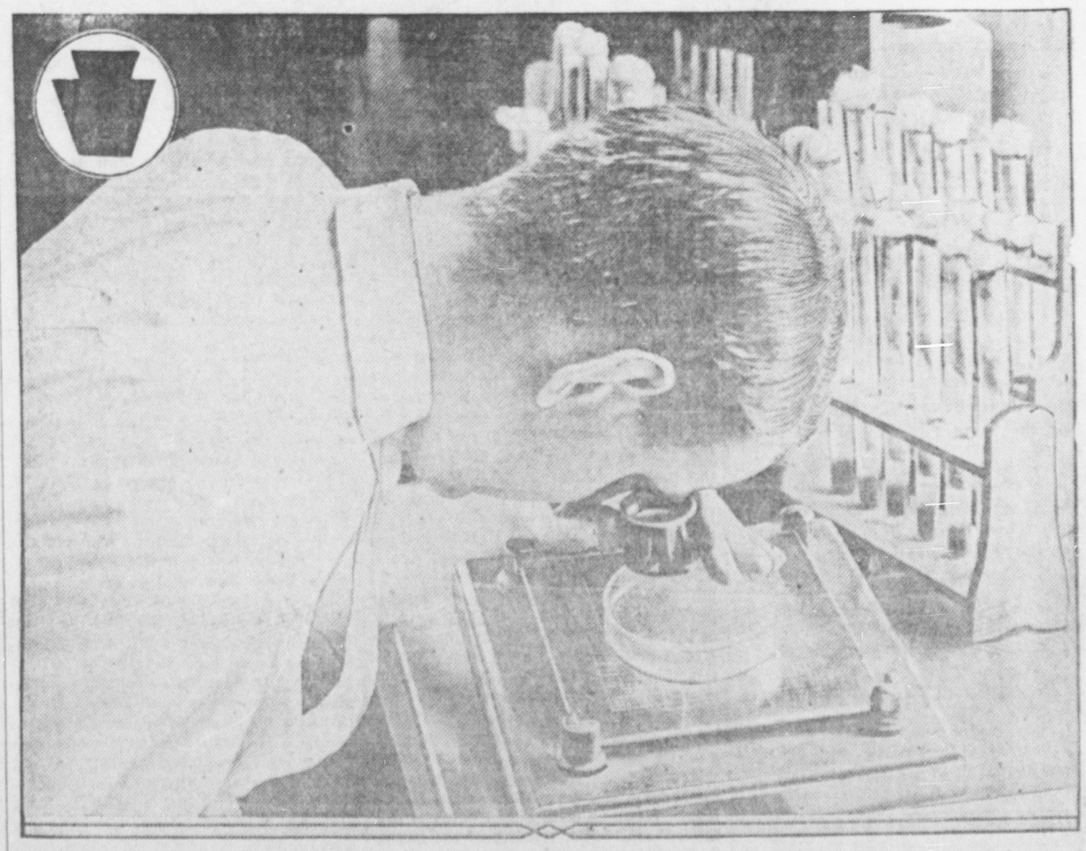
So I say that there are worse things than being ill. There is hating, and the business of war, and sickness of nations.

And now, to those of you who are so cheerfully and bravely fighting your battle against the enemy, disease, and fighting, like the soldiers at the front, away from your homes, let me wish for all of you a Christmas truce.

(Signed)

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

HOW THEY COUNT A MILLION



Did you ever stop to think just how long it would take you to count a million? Suppose you started in and counted at the rate of 100 a minute for twenty-four hours steadily, do you think that would do it? No, indeed! If you counted at that rate every minute of each twenty-four hours for seven days, you will just about reach that figure.

There are other places besides Wall Street and the Treasury where big figures are in constant use. One of these places is in the State Department of Health. Perhaps you have noticed the bacteriological analysis of milk or water in which it was stated that there are so many bacteria per cubic centimeter, 800,000 perhaps, or 1,250,000. A cubic centimeter, by the way, is about half a thimbleful. In the laboratory which Commissioner of Health Dixon has established to give free service to the physicians of the state, every day there are analyzed from eighty to a hundred specimens of water or other material, which require the counting of several hundred thousand of these minute forms which are not even visible to the naked eye. According to the table which we have set out above, this would be quite a job. As a matter of fact, like Columbus' egg trick, it is simple enough when you know how. The glass plates which are used to grow the colonies of bacteria in the incubators are taken out and placed on a piece of cut glass which is divided into small squares, so many to the inch. Under a high-power magnifying glass, the bacteria colonies in several of the squares are counted, then the number is multiplied by the total number of squares covered.

The Unarmed Pirate

How She Plundered Was a Mystery.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Lieutenant Wickersham, in command of the United States gunboat Zac Taylor, cruising in the Malay archipelago, received a wireless order from the admiral to look out for a pirate vessel that had been doing a lot of damage to shipping in the South China sea. No well defined location for the pirate was given, since it was not known. Probably the order was sent to every United States vessel cruising in that region.

The second day after receipt of the order the watch on the Taylor reported to the officer of the deck that a ship was to be seen on the starboard quarter. She was changing her course very frequently. She did not look at all like a pirate, but on account of her mysterious actions the watch thought it his duty to report her.

The commander of the Taylor ordered the ship's course changed toward the vessel in question. No sooner had this been done than the other exhibited a clean pair of heels, evidently in flight. When the gunboat came close enough to the fugitive to discern what she was like Wickersham was surprised to see a very ordinary looking vessel, as unlike a pirate as possible. There were no ports for guns or any other evidence of a capacity for fighting. About dusk the stranger ran close into shore. She was still too far for those on the gunboat to see what was doing on board of her, but since the anchor chains could be heard rattling in the hawse pipes Wickersham did not give himself any uneasiness as to her getting away from him.

By the time the Taylor had come near the vessel night had fallen, and since the latter craft showed no light the gunboat felt obliged to stand off. However, Wickersham, suspecting that she might escape him under cover of the darkness, sent a boat in command of Ensign Throckmorton to reconnoiter. The party was gone an hour. When it returned Throckmorton made a very singular report.

He had found the vessel deserted. On her were all sorts of plunder, showing that she was undoubtedly a pirate. There was no cargo unless about a thousand barrels of oil might be considered such, but it seemed rather that this might have been for fuel. And yet the furnace was constructed for coal, of which there was a scant supply.

Wickersham was puzzled. Never had he heard of a pirate unarmed, unmanned, before. Nevertheless there was abundant evidence that the vessel was the one he had been ordered to look out for. The fact that she had fled when he gave chase was alone sufficient to condemn her. As for her crew, they had doubtless gone ashore under cover of darkness.

It did not seem that there was any need to take further action till morning. The anchor of the pirate being on the bottom, there being no crew aboard to raise it and the shore to which they must have gone being eight or ten miles distant, the lieutenant decided to let the matter rest for the night and the next day go aboard the craft himself and make a personal examination. So he turned in, leaving the executive officer in charge.

When the first faint light appeared in the east the commander was awakened to be informed that the pirate had disappeared. Jumping out of his bunk, he put on a dressing gown and slippers and hurried on deck. The vessel certainly was not where she had been the night before, but the day had broken, and the man in the crow's nest reported her or a vessel very like her on the horizon. Wickersham, after bringing a glass to bear on her, pronounced her the pirate and gave orders to get up the anchor and make chase immediately.

The pirate was standing eastward along the tenth parallel of latitude, evidently making for the open sea. The gunboat managed to keep her in sight and make a small gain. During the day the lieutenant made inquiries among the crew to learn if any one had heard any sound during the night. One man said that he fancied he had heard an anchor chain being carefully slipped through a hawse pipe. He had called the attention of the officer of the deck to it, but since the officer had heard nothing himself he paid no attention to the man's report. Nevertheless Wickersham made up his mind that the pirate had slipped her anchor and sailed away without it.

The mystery worked on the men, some of whom were ignorant and superstitious, and knots were constantly gathering to discuss the strange craft, the opinion being occasionally expressed that the ship was a phantom. But this did not reach the ears of the commander, who would have taken means to quash it.

During the day a wireless message was flashed by the admiral asking if the Taylor had seen anything of the pirate. Wickersham asked for information as to the vessel that he was ordered to capture. The answer was that the admiral had no description of her. It had been reported that several vessels due at Chinese ports had not come in. The weather had been fine; therefore there was no suspicion that they had been wrecked by storm. It had been reported that one Dixon, an Englishman, who was known to be a pirate, had bought a vessel at Canton, and it was supposed that he had fitted her up for piratical purposes. It looked as if he had captured the missing vessels and sunk them with all on board.

This information did not relieve Wickersham's perplexity. If the vessel he was chasing was the one Dixon had purchased, how had he been able to capture ships, plunder them and sink them without any armament? Nevertheless that this had been done was evident from the valuables found on the deserted unarmed ship which was now fleeing before the Taylor.

Toward the close of the second day of the chase the island of Formosa was sighted, and Wickersham began to fear that his prey would escape him by putting into some indentation or inlet along the Formosan coast. The commander of the fugitive vessel ran to within a few miles of shore, but did not put in, evidently waiting for dark in order that his pursuer might not be able to see him when he left the open water. However, reaching a convenient point for hiding, he ran into it while there was still sufficient light for Wickersham to see him.

The fact of his doing so set the lieutenant thinking. Might she not have paused in her flight, when she could have kept on, for a purpose? The fact that so many vessels had disappeared suggested that the pirate had some newfangled device for wrecking them. Might she not come out during the night and practice it on the Taylor? As soon as it was dark, taking a position off where the pirate had put in, Wickersham dropped his anchor and ordered every light on the ship put out. He would not even permit a lamp to be left burning, though covered. He resolved to remain awake during the night, ready for any emergency. However, about midnight, becoming drowsy, he went to sleep in a hammock, having given orders to be called should anything unusual occur. About 2 o'clock he was awakened and told that voices had been heard near the gunboat. Springing up, he went on deck and listened. His hearing was very acute, and he was sure that he heard a sound of oars which had been imperfectly muffled. He ordered a gun to be loaded on each of the four quarters, ready to be fired. Some of his subordinates wondered what he expected to shoot at, while the more superstitious of the crew began to fear that there was something supernatural about.

But the lieutenant ordered every man to keep perfectly silent and remained on watch himself. When the first ray of light came he descried a boat pulling directly toward the Taylor. It was a mile away, and a cable's length behind it the water seemed disturbed, as though some obstacle was moving through it. Then suddenly the lieutenant rushed to the gun that pointed toward the coming boat and stood with the lanyard in his hand, peering into the breaking darkness. Others on the deck were able to descry the moving boat, but not the object disturbing the water behind it.

Nevertheless in a few minutes all could see something that caused a cold chill to run down their spines. It was the periscope of a submarine. From it every eye was turned to their commander, who was carefully sighting the piece near which he stood. Calling to his next in command to come to him, without taking his eye off the periscope, he resigned the lanyard to him, with orders to pull it when he gave the order. When the periscope came within a hundred yards of the Taylor it slowed down and began to settle in the water.

"Fire!"

There was an explosion, and the periscope careened, showing evidence of being wrecked, then disappeared. In a few minutes the surface of the water was covered by oil. Wickersham gave a sigh of relief, which was re-echoed by every man on the Taylor.

The men in the boat turned and were pulling away lustily when a well aimed shot from another gun sent her to the bottom, leaving her crew, some dead, some wounded and some unhurt, floating on the water.

"Man a boat!" cried Wickersham.

A boat was soon pulling to the men struggling in the water. They were picked up and brought on to the Taylor. One of them was Dixon. This was his story:

He had been using the vessel he had bought to carry plunder which was secured by means of a submarine he kept with him. He would put a torpedo into a vessel, then while she was sinking board her and secure what valuables he could find. His boarding party was well armed, but seldom needed to use their weapons. After gathering the plunder he would leave the vessel and her crew to go down together, taking pains that no person lived to tell the tale. Believing that the Taylor would eventually get him, Dixon had resolved to torpedo her. Unfortunately for him, the night was dark, and he was unable to find her till daylight revealed him to his intended prey.

Wickersham reported the facts to the admiral, who directed him to hang the few pirates he had captured. The order was obeyed while the Taylor was making for the plunder ship, which was overhauled. The men, supposing that the Taylor would surely be torpedoed, took little care and did not see the gunboat until she was well on them. Then they tried to escape in boats, but were all captured and served the same punishment as the others.

The admiral's order to hang the pirates without trial enabled him to hush the matter up, which course he deemed advisable, and, although reported to Washington, the matter never got into the newspapers.

KEEPING A PIANO IN TUNE.

Use All the Keys Every Time the Instrument Is Played.

The trained musician has little trouble in keeping his piano in excellent tune. But the amateur pianist who just plays little snatches of this and that soon finds that some of the keys are in much better tune than others.

The fault is not always that of the piano tuner, nor is it always due to the fact that the piano has been exposed to dampness or left in a strong draft of air. Usually it is because the amateur player doesn't use every key when he plays. The musician who plays merely for his own benefit and who is far from being a skilled pianist discovers that he plays better in some one key, and consequently he selects all his music from that key. The true musician plays all keys and has no preference for any particular one.

If for any length of time we play almost entirely in one key the notes which are not used are bound to produce a different sound from those which are used constantly.

The skilled musician runs his fingers lightly over the whole keyboard before starting any piece, thus bringing all the notes into action. But the clumsy amateur usually starts without the slightest pretense of a prelude or calling forth the different tones of the piano. No piano can be expected to keep long in perfect tune unless every key is used about as much as every other key. The well modulated instrument is the one whose notes all see equal amounts of service.

The piano, like the voice, must be evenly used to be perfect. Any one who talks in a high pitched voice and only calls forth the high tones of his throat cannot expect to talk in a low well modulated voice when he never uses the low, soft strains. A cheap piano well taken care of will sound better if played by a musician who uses all the keys than a higher priced one which is only allowed to produce the tones of the single key which the amateur player can read best.—New York American.

CARVED JADE.

Its Great Charm Lies In Its Exquisite Color Effects.

There is a great charm about the stone called jade, which, from prehistoric times, has been carved into ornaments and implements. It is a close grained, hard, massive substance, showing a peculiar luster on the cut surfaces and possessing a distinctive color, usually some shade or blending of green or blue. It is sufficiently rare to prevent objects made of it from becoming commonplace, being found only in moderate quantities in certain parts of the world.

China has always been famous for its jade, and it is found also in Siberia, Turkestan, New Zealand, Egypt and northwestern America. Another name for it is nephrite, from the Greek word for kidney, an old belief being that it had curative powers over kidney diseases.

Much of the charm of jade objects arises from the exceedingly rich and variegated colors of the materials. These colors are not glaring or conspicuous, but subdued and beautifully harmonious, and the artists in the finest specimens have taken advantage of the distribution of the various tones and tints to heighten the effect of their designs while bringing out the contrasts of color.

Often the most exquisite effects are produced by the varying shades of color running through the carved figures. Among the colors characteristic of jade and jadeite are emerald green, "mutton fat," tea green, violet, "camphor" and yellow. Nearly all these shades are sometimes found distributed through a single specimen. The rarest combinations are said to be of violent and emerald green.—Garrett P. Serviss in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Amianthine Cloth.

The finest variety of asbestos is known as amianthus, and the most beautiful specimens of this come from Tarantaise, in Savoy. Hence the fabric woven from asbestos is sometimes known as amianthine cloth. Charlemagne is said to have had an amianthine tablecloth, which he once ordered to be thrown into the fire for the entertainment of his guests.—London Standard.

Mother Carey's Chickens.

"Mother Carey's chickens" is a nautical name for stormy petrels, those tiny, webfooted birds which sailors regard with such awe. When a storm is imminent they collect under the stern of a ship, and superstitious seamen believe they follow vessels with the intention of picking up the souls of wrecked sailors and carrying them to heaven.

Taking a Chance.

"I want to help you," said the fussy man, "but if I give you a nickel I'm afraid you won't put it to good use."

"Well," replied the philosophic tramp, "a nickel ain't enough ter do much harm wid, or much good, either, so take a chance, gov'nor."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Business.

"That baker is the most valuable man we have in the place, always ready to back up any movement with a cash contribution."

"But, then, you know it is a baker's business to be always ready with the dough."—Baltimore American.

Family Joys.

Hub—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up. Wife—That's just like a contemptible man. You'll sit there and think mean things.—Boston Transcript.

POVERTY IN EGYPT.

It Often Drives Parents to Sell Their Children as Slaves.

In the whole land of Egypt there are now only two cities, Alexandria and Cairo. Yet once Egypt was the grandest country of the world, having as many as 200 cities, but these have been all long swept away or covered with the sand of the desert.

In these two cities, Alexandria and Cairo, all the principal people of Egypt reside, while in the country districts up the Nile there are no towns and hardly any villages, but only scattered settlements of peasants, who are called fellahs or fellahin.

These fellahs, though of the same Arab race and religion as the people of Cairo, are very different in most other ways. Instead of the turban, the flowing robe and the gay slippers, which the men of the city wear, we see only a half clad figure with matted hair and skin blackened by the sun; instead of the veiled lady in a robe of silk, here is a poor woman with naked feet in a dress woven of grass. One thing, however, both use in common—a bracelet.

The fellahs of upper Egypt are very numerous, but they are all very poor. Their houses are mud huts, used only to sleep in, as they are in the open air most of the day. Their food consists chiefly of vegetables, which they eat uncooked, such as maize, melons, gourds, beans, lentils and dates; those that have a cow can get milk, and all can get fish. Meat they seldom taste, and their bread is only a half baked paste of bruised maize or millet. Rice is too dear for them. One luxury, however, all the men—and women, too—manage to get whatever else they go without—that is, the ever present long wooden tobacco pipe, smoking.

The poverty of many fellahs is so great that a family of children is often a great burden to the parents. Many cases yearly occur of parents selling their children as slaves to escape from the expense of their support.

A parent will sometimes make a long journey to Cairo to get rid of his young children. Some time ago a woman brought to a rich lady of that city an infant, which she said she found at the door of a mosque. The lady said she would take the child and adopt it and handed the woman a small sum as a reward for her trouble in bringing the child. The woman refused the offer, blushed and withdrew. She was the child's own mother.—Hartford Post.

Great Hymn's Pathetic History.

Of all our hymns none has a more pathetic history than "Abide With Me." The Rev. Henry F. Lyte, who wrote it, was practically under sentence of death at the time. For twenty-four years he had been vicar of Brixham, Devon, and it was on the day he preached his final sermon there that Lyte, then about to start for Nice, where he died, composed the hymn. "Intended," it has been said, "as a hymn of comfort for those who were about to depart from life and not primarily as an evening hymn." Of the eight verses only four or five are commonly sung, the general sense of congregations having eliminated about half of the hymn as Lyte penned it.—London Spectator.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Scothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Globe.

Burglar's Little Joke.

"My good man," said the kindly visitor to the burglar in the jail who had been caught with the goods, "can't you see the error of your ways?"

"There have been times, mum, when I couldn't, but this time it looks very much like I'm open to conviction."—Detroit Free Press.

Utter Loss.

"I am greatly disappointed about that book I wrote."

"Friends not buying it?"

"Why, nobody has evinced enough interest in it as yet to ask me to give 'em a copy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gambling is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity and the father of mischief.—Washington.

Habits of Authors.

I was presented once to a lady who immediately fixed me with an eager eye.

"I am making a study of the habits of authors," she announced. (Here a dreadful sinking of the heart assailed me.) "Kindly tell me at what hour you retire."

"Usually at half past 10," I answered wretchedly.

At that, as I had expected, her eyebrows went up. "The author of 'When All Was Dark,'" she informed me, "sits up all night. She says she cannot sleep until she has savored the dawn." However, she was kind enough to give me another chance. "What do you eat?" she asked.

"Three hearty meals a day," I answered.

"Not breakfast!" she pleaded. "Why, St. George Dreamer never takes more than three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar in the morning. Just the sight of a coffee cup will upset his work for a week."

And then she left me, sure, I do not doubt, that no real author could confess to such distressingly normal habits as mine.—Atlantic.

Military Spies.

One of the ingenious ideas of modern war strategy is to utilize artist skill in making a drawing of a fortification without betraying its purport on the surface. The spy makes a drawing which appears to be an ordinary landscape. If caught with it he might pose with comparative safety as an artist who had been sketching for pleasure and was entirely ignorant of the existence of any fort and its surroundings.

Interpreted according to a secret code, however, the picture reveals to the spy's government a fairly complete plan of a fort. This is indicated by the character and position of details. One kind of tree represents an armored gun turret. A bush is an observation turret. Other forms of trees are gun positions, a couple of gates are entrances to the fort, a piece of fencing is a barbed wire entanglement, lines of bushes are ditches, and so on.—Kansas City Star.

Siamese Earth Eaters.

The Lastians of Siam actually eat and enjoy earth. It has never been discovered where these peculiar people contracted this habit, though it is generally believed that it probably came about in the time of a famine, when there was nothing else to be had.

However, the habit has now got such a hold upon them that old and young, rich and poor alike, indulge freely in its consumption. It is preferred when it has been acquired from the vicinity of waters so that it carries with it a taste of fish. It is made into a pasty substance and smothered into the ground in a hot fire. It can be obtained at markets and at stores and is served at dinners and at big functions of any description. In some parts of the Kongo earth is sold in the shape of apples and oranges and is given out in various colors—yellow, brown, gray and even pink, which is looked upon as a very delectable luxury.

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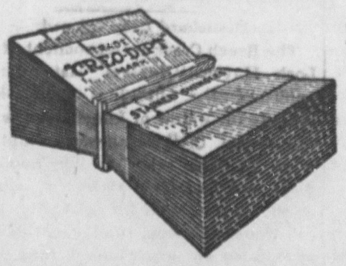

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Mrs. Robert Sechler has gone to her home in Mifflinburg to remain a few days.

Fred Hollabaugh, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at his parental home in Coleville.

Mrs. Jack Decker departed on Monday for Reading where she will visit for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas registered at the Hotel Walton, in Philadelphia, on Monday.

Attorney W. Harrison Walker was a business visitor to Philadelphia on Sunday, last.

George Stevenson, of Waddle, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Walker are receiving congratulations on the birth of a little daughter.

Joseph Apt departed on Monday, last, for Meadville to visit with his sister, Mrs. Robert Hood.

Harold Gardner, of Altoona, spent Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Gardner.

Colonel Hugh S. Taylor on Wednesday quietly celebrated his forty-seventh birthday anniversary.

Miss Maude Albright, of Lock Haven, will arrive here today to be the guest of Miss Louise Brachbill.

Mrs. Robert Fay, of Altoona, spent Tuesday in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Moerschbacher are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter on Monday night, last.

Mrs. John Harrison is in Wilmerding having been called there by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Beck.

Mrs. Beulah Smith, of Philipsburg, visited here over the week-end with her daughter and Prothonotary D. R. Foreman.

Oliver Witmer, of Altoona, visited over Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Witmer, on Bishop Street.

Mrs. Henry C. Quigley and daughter, Miss Henrietta, departed on Monday for New York, where Miss Henrietta will enter a school.

Miss Mildred Brown departed on Monday for her home in Snow Shoe, after an enjoyable visit here as the guest of the Misses McGarvey.

Robert Cole, the well known architect, is critically ill at the Bellefonte Hospital, to which institution he was removed on Monday, suffering from intestinal obstruction.

The Ladies Adult Bible Class of the U. B. church will hold an oyster supper in the basement of the church Thursday, January, 20th. All invited. Supper begins at 5 o'clock.

Mrs. Albert Blackburn and three children, who had been visiting at the home of Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler, returned last Saturday to their home in Philadelphia.

Daniel Heckman, of Lamb Street, who suffered a stroke of paralysis about four years ago, is quite ill and owing to his advanced age his recovery is regarded as extremely doubtful.

Former Sheriff Cyrus Brungart, of Centre Hall, was in town for a few hours on Wednesday, transacting business and spreading sunshine wherever he happened to be regardless of the fact that it was a rainy day.

M. Ward Fleming, Esq., of Philipsburg, has been appointed a referee in bankruptcy for this district, succeeding Henry C. Quigley. The appointment was announced recently by Federal Judge Witmer, of Sunbury.

Before retiring from the bench Judge Orvis sentenced William Lehman to fourteen months in the western penitentiary. Lehman some months ago broke jail here with Henry Gordon and subsequently was recaptured at Philipsburg.

THE REPUBLICAN considers itself fortunate in receiving from the Bellefonte First National Bank one of the fine, large wall calendars given away this year by that well known institution. Included with the map features of last year's calendar are maps of Centre County. Surrounding the calendar feature are portraits of our several Presidents and also coats of arms of the various States.

The death of the late W. H. Musser, of Bellefonte, severed a friendship between two men which was of a most intimate character and which had extended back to the time both were boys. W. H. Musser and Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, were close friends and companions when boys. They were students together at the old Pine Grove Mills Academy. They served in the war fought side by side, shared each other's joys and sorrows, and both were wounded at South Mountain. Dr. Fry was the more seriously wounded. Although the night was bitterly cold his mess-mate and friend, W. H. Musser, took off his coat and used it as a pillow for Dr. Fry and also nursed him as best he could. The bonds of friendship cemented as they were during such trying times were never broken. Few of the younger generation were aware that Mr. Musser enlisted three times during the war, and also that at Appomattox he was promoted to the post of Second Lieutenant.

Miss Julia Curtin departed on Wednesday for Aspinwall.

Mrs. Claud Thompson visited over Sunday with friends in Clearfield.

Miss Nancy Burrows, of Tyrone, is the house guest of Mrs. Hugh N. Crider.

Mrs. John VanPelt and Mrs. John McCoy departed yesterday for Washington, D. C.

Attorney G. H. Lichtenthaler, of Philipsburg, transacted business in town on Tuesday.

Harry Fitzgerald, of Columbus, Ohio, spent last Friday and Saturday at his parental home here.

Miss Grace Mitchell departed last Sunday for Westover School, where she is an instructor in mathematics.

Mrs. W. R. Jenkins recently spent several days in Tyrone with her daughter, Miss Dorothy R. Jenkins.

Harry L. Garber spent a day or two here recently with Mrs. Garber, returning on Sunday night to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edward Chubbish, of Towanda, who was the guest of Mrs. J. William Conley, departed for home on Wednesday.

Miss Ruth Kerstetter, who had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Yeager, returned to Harrisburg on Wednesday.

Morris Iddings, of Unionville, who was operated on recently at the Bellefonte hospital for stomach trouble, is improving nicely.

James Lambert and daughter Hattie, of Greensburg, are visiting for a time with relatives and friends in Bellefonte and Pleasant Gap.

William Reeser, Bucyrus, Ohio, who has been visiting at the Daniel Heckman home on Lamb Street, has been confined to bed with an attack of grip.

Howard Gearhart, of Pottsville, will arrive in town tomorrow to visit over Sunday with Mrs. Gearhart, who is a patient at the Bellefonte hospital.

Miss Martha Barnhart, who was home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Barnhart, for the Christmas holidays, returned last week to Mt. Holyoke College.

Mr. Robert Sechler and Miss Carrie Shontz, the latter of Mifflinburg, were married at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week, Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes officiating.

Engineer J. Theodore Cherry is ill at his home on Thomas Street, having been laid up since Friday of last week. His many friends are hopeful for his speedy recovery.

Miss Ruth Maurice, who had been the guest of Miss Ellen Hayes, departed last Saturday for New York City. Mrs. Edmund Hayes leaves today for her home in Defiance, Ohio.

Harry Ryan, better known as "Pat", departed yesterday for Dayton, Ohio, where he will enter the soldiers' home, an application for his admission to that institution having been approved recently.

Daniel Irvin, a progressive citizen of near Baileyville, was a visitor in Bellefonte on Monday. While here he attended the meeting of the Farmers' Insurance Company, of which he has been a member for many years.

Mrs. A. O. Furst, Mrs. John Curtin and Mrs. James C. Furst were hostesses at a tea on Tuesday from four until six o'clock. Mrs. F. W. Crider will give a tea Friday afternoon from three until six o'clock.

Mrs. Irvin Gettig underwent an operation for appendicitis. Her condition is in every way satisfactory and her early recovery is confidently anticipated. She is at the home of her mother, Mrs. McClenathan, at Centre Hall.

THE REPUBLICAN acknowledges receipt of a very handsome calendar from H. L. Hutchinson, ticket agent here for the Pennsylvania Railroad. The calendar is strikingly adorned with a large picture of a modernly equipped passenger train.

Repairs to make the County jail more habitable have been under way in the last week or two. The office and dwelling rooms have been re-papered. Sheriff Yarnell will overhaul the cell room as quickly as possible. Repair work in this part of the building usually is done by prisoners, but since taking charge Sheriff Yarnell has had an empty jail. His only prisoner last week was a man from Sandy Ridge, who was sentenced to two days for walking upon railroad property. Sheriff Yarnell has undertaken a policy which appeals to us as a very good one for guarding against the spread of disease among prisoners. He has asked the County Commissioners to provide him with a half-dozen pairs of overalls and a like number of working shirts. His plan, when a new prisoner is brought to the jail, is to require the man to take a bath, put on a clean pair of overalls and a clean shirt, and then wash his own clothing after the same shall have been soaked in salt water for several days. When the prisoner again dons his own clothing he will be required to wash the suit owned by the county and the overalls and shirt will then be put away until the next prisoner is admitted. A suggestion of the new Sheriff, which has been adopted, provided for removing to a point in the jail yard free from the walls a small smoke-house which rested against one of the walls. Formerly a prisoner by crawling to the roof of the smoke-house and then standing on the shoulders of another person could easily manage his escape.

Dr. Helfrich was a business visitor to Williamsport on Monday.

S. G. Tressler spent Sunday, last, with friends at Warriors-Ridge.

Joseph Bertram, of Osceola Mills, spent Sunday at his home here.

John Colpetzer, of near State College, was a business visitor in town on Friday.

W. A. Stallsmith and family were visitors to Lock Haven on Saturday of last week.

Miss Agnes Rowe, of Philipsburg, visited with Bellefonte friends on Thursday of last week.

Charles Hughes departed on Monday for Lewistown Juction, where he is employed in the steel mills.

William Gregg, formerly of Bellefonte but now located at Lewistown, spent the week-end with friends in town.

J. R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, was in town Tuesday evening in attendance upon the funeral of the late W. H. Musser.

Miss Bernice Wallace, who has been serving as a nurse at the Bellefonte hospital, returned on Tuesday to her home in Tyrone.

Mrs. Perry H. Gentzel, Jr., who had been visiting here for a time, returned on Wednesday to her home in Boston, Mass.

William Saxion recently sold his farm along Spring Creek to Christ Beezer. Mr. Saxion has purchased the John Behers estate farm beyond Waddle.

Miss Agnes McGowan returned last Sunday to Rochester, Minnesota, after spending a month at her home here. She is a nurse in the Rochester Hospital.

Otto Korman, who has been employed the past month as a fireman for the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., at Sunbury, is spending a few days at his parental home here.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Beezer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hazel, Mr. and Mrs. Mana Kline and Mr. and Mrs. C. Y. Wagner departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia to take in the automobile show.

Of particular interest to travelers is the announcement that the all-rail train from Washington and Philadelphia to Boston, known as the "Federal Express", has been withdrawn. Passengers for Boston must now go via New York City. The return train from Boston to Philadelphia and Washington also has been withdrawn.

The wedding of Mr. Malcolm A. Mitchell, son of Mr. Isaac Mitchell, of this place, and Miss Ethelina Wainwright will be solemnized in St. Paul's church at Indianapolis, Indiana, at 12 o'clock, noon, on Tuesday, January 18th. Among those from Bellefonte who will be in attendance will be Mr. Isaac Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell and Miss Eliza M. Thomas.

Harry Waite, a Bellefonte boy, is seeing considerable of the world while serving as a member of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, United States Army. For a number of months his regiment was stationed along the Mexican border. More recently it has been in Panama. On January 7th the regiment sailed for the Philippines, which place will be reached some time in March, next. The regiment was scheduled to leave Panama via the canal last November, but was delayed by huge slides of earth into the canal. Even now the trip to the Philippines must be made via the San Francisco coast, the Panama canal still being closed to traffic. Harry is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Waite, of this place.

A very enjoyable party was held on the evening of January 6th at the home of John Spearly at Roopsburg. Those who were present included Mr. and Mrs. George Hazel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shivery, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hartle, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rosenhoover, Mr and Mrs. Nathaniel Krape, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kustaborder, Mr. and Mrs. William Saxion, Mr. and Mrs. John Shuey, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Welty, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shuey, Mr. and Mrs. William Harshbarger and daughter Marion, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Saxion and son William, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shivery and son Phil, Mr. and Mrs. William Luse and son William, Calvin Grove, C. Y. Wagner, Lewis Marshall, Alfred Beezer, Mrs. Thomas Bertram, Miss Margaret Benner, Miss Verna Saxion, Lester Marshall, Ernest and Harold Benner, Edward Bertram, also Mr. and Mrs. Spearly and children, Harry, Paul, Grove, Ellen and Joseph. The party was arranged as a surprise for Mrs. Spearly and in every way was a complete success.

Blanchard Lady Injured.

The Beech Creek correspondent of the Lock Haven "Express" last Saturday published the following: Mrs. Mary Jane Egan, widow of James Egan, a veteran of the Civil war, while emptying ashes in the rear of her home in Blanchard Thursday afternoon, slipped on the ice and fell, being rendered unconscious. Unseen, she lay on the cold ground for an unaccounted time. Regaining her senses she managed to get into her home and went to bed, where she was found later by a neighbor who summoned a doctor, who found her skull fractured and her condition so grave that her relatives were notified. Her condition since has not improved and on account of her age her recovery is in doubt. Mrs. Egan lived alone, her two sons being located in the west. Neighbors and friends are looking after her comfort with kindest attention.

"The Million Dollar Doll."

"The Million Dollar Doll" which will be the offering at the Garman Opera House tonight Jan. 13th, has two of the greatest comedy characters on the stage today. Melvin Meekman, a henpecked husband, and Jasper Jackson, a colored servant, are left at home to look after the household when the others depart for the San Francisco Exposition. However, Melvin and Jasper are not to be outdone so they disguise themselves and ship on the same boat, Melvin as a common sailor and Jasper as a Potato Peeler. One can hardly imagine how much trouble these fellows can get into, on the voyage and after they arrive at the exposition they have a hard time getting even one meal a day and are about to give up in despair, when Melvin draws the grand prize in the Argentine Lottery and becomes immensely rich. These characters are presented by Harvey and Harold Orr, both recognized stars in their line of work. Prices, 35, 50, 75c and $1.

JUDGING A PLAY.

Frohman Didn't Agree With Tree That Barrie Had Gone Mad.

Frohman weighed a play by the idea in it, and he never produced a play, however arbitrary in story or characters—as, for example, "Peter Pan"—without being able to name specifically the elements of success he thought it possessed.

"Barrie has gone out of his mind, Frohman. I am sorry to say it, but you ought to know it, we are both so fond of him," said Sir Herbert Tree to Frohman one night. "He's just read me a play. He is going to read it to you, so I am warning you. I know I've not gone woozy in my mind, because I have tested myself since hearing the play, but Barrie must be mad. He has written four acts all about fairies, children and Indians, running through the most incoherent story you ever listened to, and what do you suppose—the last act is to be set on top of trees!"

But the following day Frohman heard "Peter Pan" and accepted it at once. Long afterward he gave these as his reasons: "First, it was written by Barrie; next, it was unmistakably a fine novelty. The most emphatic play in any theatrical season, the one that is most likely to focus general public attention, is the most novel. You can estimate its novelty by the amount of fineness a play contains, for the common in life, like the poor, is always with us and can never seem novel. Only the fine registers with the emphasis of novelty. People go to the theater not to see life as it is, but as they wish it were. The theater's business is to present not life, but the illusion of life. Youth is the illusion of life, old age the delusion, and 'Peter Pan' is packed with youth; so I was for it."—John D. Williams in Century.

Ruth Lambert Dead.

Miss Ruth Lambert, daughter of Calvin Lambert, of near Milesburg, died on Monday last following an extended illness. The deceased was aged 16 years and was held in high esteem by many friends. Funeral services were held from the United Brethren church in Bellefonte today at 10 o'clock. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Another ÆTNA Check Came This Morning

ISN'T it fine, John! Your eighth week in bed just gone by and we've received two of these checks for $200 each. We can buy that new dining room set now as though nothing had happened.

Every husband ought to take out an ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY, John. We women are so dependent on what you men do for us — especially when we have children.

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